

October

The American **Mercury**



Sex Problems of Modern Parents	Hayclock Ellis	
Fame and the Poet	Thomas Wolfe	
How To Be a Bureaucrat	Anonymous	
Loose Ladies of New Orleans	Herbert Asbury	
Is Roosevelt a Socialist?	Harold Lord Varney	
Diseases of the Great	John W. Thomason, Jr.	
Victory By Retreat	Albert Jay Nock	
The Movie Hero	Joel Sayre	
Young Men See Visions	William Allen White	
Why You Fear the Dentist	Bissell B. Palmer	
The Comedy of Repeal	Anthony M. Turano	
No Parking	Fletcher Pratt	
The Newspaper Guild	C. C. Nicolet	
Women of Suburbia	Ruth Purdy	
The Lumberjacks Go Sissy	Stewart H. Holbrook	
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AMERICANA	VERSE	NEW BOOKS

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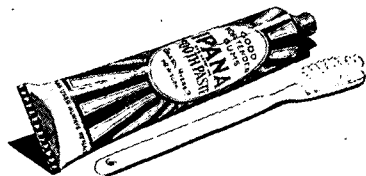
Research was followed by discovery. Tender and flabby gums were found to be more susceptible to serious gum disorders than gums that were firm and hard and in good health. And one of the principal causes of gum weakness and tenderness, developed, was our modern diet of soft and succulent foods—foods that *coddle* the gums—foods that rob them of the work and exercise they need for vigorous health.

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XXXIX

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Paul Palmer, *Editor*

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THE OPEN FORUM

[Letters from readers, on any subject, will be welcomed to these pages]

WHEN IS A COMMUNIST NOT A COMMUNIST?

SIR: Your vastly amusing account of the menace of "red pacifism" which has penetrated "the whole sweep of the current American peace movement" has been called to my attention. Unfortunately, THE MERCURY is not what it was under the old management, and we would have missed it if a copy had not been brought in.

I want to thank you in the name of the American League Against War and Fascism for bringing its anti-war and anti-Fascist stand before millions of people whom we could not have reached in such a short space of time. And I want to thank you, too, for the eulogy in the phrase, "the most advertised of the current peace groups". We do what we can with the help of our friends.

There are, however, several impressions which we must correct. The American League is not a pacifist organization; its program is more accurately described as "anti-war" and "anti-Fascist". The unique role of the American League is that of uniting on a minimum program all sincere foes of war and Fascism for common action against these two evils. It is the failure to recognize this double purpose of the League that confuses Mr. Stanley and makes him write that the efforts of the League to stop the Italo-Ethiopian war, to prevent conflict in the Far East, and to oppose the growth of Fascism in the United States, do not have "any legitimate place in a genuine peace move-

ment". Open your eyes and your mind, Mr. Stanley.

Mr. Stanley refers to the "exploitation of the 'Fascist' issue", which he calls the "bogus issue", preferring to ignore the fact that war and Fascism are generated by the same forces. War, on one hand, rises out of a desire for profit from the conquest of new markets and raw material; Fascism springs from the inability of the profit system to provide food, clothing, shelter, and the decencies of life for the great mass of people at home. Mr. Stanley cries "Communism" when the League declares that it seeks to show that the economic causes of war are rooted in capitalist economics. While the League takes no part in political activity, every sincere opponent of war and Fascism must expose all the causes of war and Fascism even when these causes are found in capitalist economics. The charge that there are Communists in the League is silly, even for Mr. Stanley. Of course there are Communists in the League. Hasn't it occurred to you that Communists have joined the League for the same reason that many others who hate war and Fascism have done so — because they, too, are opposed to these twin evils?

PAUL M. REID

*Executive Secretary,
American League Against
War and Fascism*

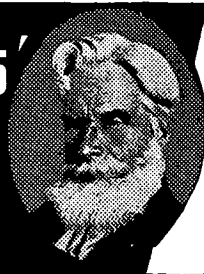
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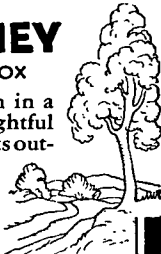
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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page iv)

MR. STANLEY REPLIES

SIR: Mr. Reid's rejoinder exhibits for the *n*th time the naïveté which seems to characterize all Communist discussions of the peace issue. Or perhaps it is not naïveté at all, but a shrewd adaptation of Comrade Stalin's latest "party line".

Innocent bystanders like myself will take the pacific chatter of the League seriously only when they see it assailing the militarism of Soviet Russia with the same venom which it directs against Nazi-ism and Fascism. After all, Comrade Reid, if it is war which you abhor, is not a Muscovite war just as frightful in contemplation as the war of a Hitler or a Mussolini? Does not Russian poison gas ravage the lungs of its victims just as pitilessly as the gas of an Italy or a Germany? As long as Soviet Russia remains the most savagely militarized power in Europe, with a citizenship regimented from the cradle to the grave to the unquestioned service of an irremovable dictator, how silly to talk of the "hatred of war" of Communists. Why not be honest for once, and admit that your alarm over Fascism is not inspired by Fascism's cult of war, but by Fascism's cult of anti-Communism?

In a recent conference of one of the Protestant religious denominations, our American Comrades gave an amusing self-revelation. They had offered their usual resolution "condemning war and Fascism". Some of the conservative delegates were so unkind as to amend the resolution to condemn "war, Fascism, and Communism". Immediately, the radicals changed tack. They refused vehemently to vote for the resolution in its amended form.

And such are our American League

(Continued on page viii)

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page vi)

Against War and Fascism zealots whenever they find themselves confronted by a realistic issue. If they were honest, they would drop the word "War" entirely from their title. For it is a fiction that they are against war. It is only "capitalist" wars which they detest. Russian wars are sanctified by the great cause of the Revolution.

Comrade Reid shows agitation over the "Fascist" origin of war. Is it possible that he is unaware of the fact that Fascism first saw the light of day only 17 years ago, whereas war is as old as human history? Where was this umbilical cord before Signor Mussolini established his *Squadristi*? Of course, it is always clever strategy, when seeking to discredit an opponent, to bracket his name in the public prints with some unpopular nixie, such as War or *Kultur*. But I am afraid that the Wards and the Reids will have to pull a better rabbit from the hat if they are to convince the American people that crimson Communism has donned the white robes of gentle peace.

HERBERT WILTON STANLEY

New York City



YOUTH SPEAKS RIGHT UP

SIR: I'd like to be put straight on a few matters. I am a pretty terrible 14-year-old with a vile heritage and the ungodly name of Ann Vickers. Anyway, THE MERCURY, *New Yorker*, a few more filthy sheets, some books, and the conversation of my elders are the only education I'm getting just now. In one of your advertisements, where you have that business about people who read THE MERCURY being high, wide, and

(Continued on page x)

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**He wears this hat
only once in
his lifetime!**

A cardinal's scarlet hat is placed on his head by the Pope — but is never worn again. It is laid aside until the day of the cardinal's funeral, when it is placed on his bier. (Facts from the New Merriam-Webster.)



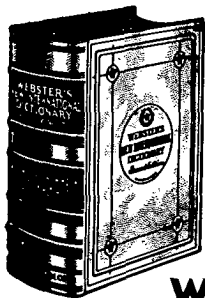
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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page viii)

handsome so far as wit and mental caliber are concerned, you practically guarantee anyone who reads *THE MERCURY* to be smart and upstanding. I'm not so wonderful yet, but if I keep it up — *THE MERCURY*, I mean — I genuinely expect to be.

A while ago, when I wanted to be a writer even more passionately than I do now, I wrote some articles called "Autobiography of a Problem Child." I had immense fun doing them, intended to send them to you. It waned.

I started to read Mencken's books last year and wrote him a couple of letters. It often surprises me that I like Mencken so much. He is supposed to have been taken on and revered by the generation now fat and forty and dropped with the advent of the post-war tribe. Both generations being pretty stale now, you sort of get tired of the nostalgic talk about the days when Mencken was "Clearing the atmosphere of the stuffy literature period with his virile, astringent (some such adjectives) criticisms". But I honestly adore Mencken, the early literary stuff most of all. And, despite a lot of talk otherwise, I believe a lot of youngsters of now feel the same. I know a chap, early twenties, who crosses himself, takes off his hat, and kneels when Mencken is mentioned. Practically, that is.

It is my clouded-by-adolescent-illusions and probably inane idea that if I continue on *THE MERCURY* line, I should be pretty good by the time I reach the age when I understand things which people of that age are supposed to understand.

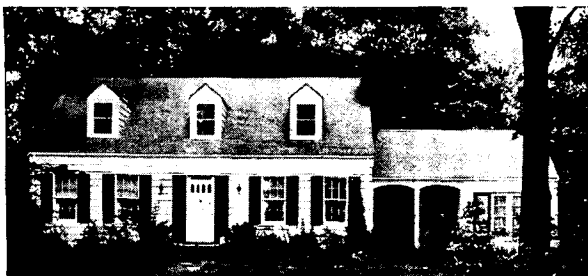
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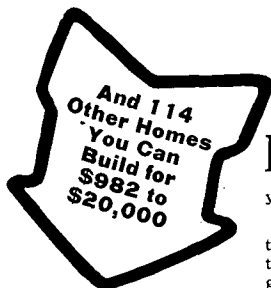
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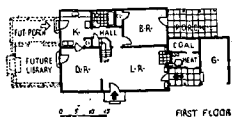
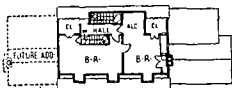
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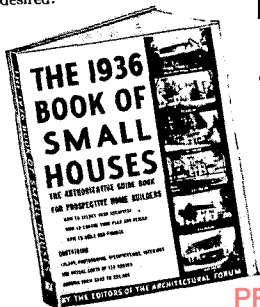
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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page x)

PRO AND CON

SIR: Since it appears to be your policy to print just one story in each issue, I should think you would try to get a good one. I have read "The Man With Horns" and consider it to be about the poorest I ever saw published. How it ever escaped a rejection slip is a mystery. The "story" (?) starts nowhere, ends nowhere, is plotless, pointless, and profitless.

A. R. JOHNSON

Palestine, Tex.

SIR: Do you happen to know anything about this fellow Rourke whose story, "The Man With Horns", appeared in a recent issue? I would like to get hold of him and see if I can lure him into a little hocus-pocus for the theater. I was tremendously impressed with the story; but never having heard of him before, I want to get a little information about him. In other words, where is the guy to be found?

Congratulations on the job you are doing!

JED HARRIS

New York City



AS TO THE NEW DEAL

SIR: When I read H. L. Mencken's article, "Three Years of Dr. Roosevelt", I was not only surprised, but disgusted. It is an insult to intelligence, and shows an utter lack of good sense and decency. It is one continuous outpouring of babble and blather—a string of misrepresentation, insinuation, untruth, and aimless drivel.

It is difficult to understand how any

(Continued on page xiv)

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xii)

sane person could so demean himself as to write such stuff. Mencken certainly shows himself a consummate "ass" — to appropriate one of the choice epithets, which he uses to describe men who are as far above him as a mountain towers over a little hill. While Mencken is not "worth the powder it takes to blow him up" — to borrow one of his statements — the relief people would receive would justify its use. Deliver us from his ranting.

I hope you will accord this the same privilege you have given other communications to THE OPEN FORUM — a privilege which he has shamefully abused.

E. D. WYCKOFF

San Gabriel, Cal.

SIR: Congratulations on "The Credo" of a New Dealer" in the April issue. Also on the fine articles by others in the March and April issues which help to show up the New Deal for the False and Dishonest Deal it really is. Enclosed please find my check for \$7.00 payable in advance for two years' subscription, commencing with the May, 1936, issue. I hope you will keep up the good work.

SWIFT RICHÉ

Chicago

SIR: I have been, off and on, and mostly on, a subscriber to THE MERCURY since it was first published. I have enjoyed its freedom from the usual conventions in its treatment of current topics and popular superstitions and delusions. But lately it seems to me to have deteriorated into a mere vehicle for intemperate propaganda against the New Deal, and an organ for Al Smith's and
(Continued in back adv't section, p. xx)

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The American MERCURY

THE CASE FOR DR. LANDON

BY H. L. MENCKEN

THE difference between the Hon. Mr. Roosevelt and the Hon. Mr. Landon may be stated briefly. Both itch like fiends in Hell for the exalted office which the one holds and the other covets, and both are willing, as patriots and idealists, to do anything that may be necessary to collar it, short, of course, of cursing God or butchering, frying, and eating a baby. But they diverge widely in their strategy. The Hon. Mr. Landon appears to be convinced that the American people have begun to sour on the More Abundant Life hooey, and are eager for a hero to lead them back to common sense and common decency. But the Hon. Mr. Roosevelt sticks to the cardinal New Deal dogma that the cure for an overdose of hooey is more and worse hooey, and upon that principle he stakes his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor.

Something may be said, I think, for both notions. On the side of Roosevelt stands the massive fact that it is hard to overestimate the imbecility of the great masses of the plain people; but in favor of Landon there is the law of diminishing returns, which runs in politics quite as clearly as in love or war. At the bottom of the heap there are multitudes who may be rooked and bamboozled *ad infinitum*, but on the next higher level there are other multitudes who are capable of apprehending, soon or late, that they have had enough; and as one continues up the scale, the number of such potential victims of *Katzenjammer* increases, and they get it progressively sooner. Roosevelt has made his date with destiny on the theory that there is not yet enough of them to knock him off. Landon is betting that there is a sufficiency and at least one more.

Thus the issue is joined, and we reel deliriously toward the fateful Tuesday following the first Monday in November. The one question before the house is whether Roosevelt is the better guesser, or Landon. (The Hon. Mr. Roosevelt began his campaign, in his speech of acceptance, by resorting to the well-tried logic and phraseology of the radical soapbox and the evangelical pulpit.) There was no appeal in that speech to what commonly passes in the world as reason; there was only an appeal to the immemorial fears and hallucinations of lowly and unhappy men. Once more the eminent orator pointed the shining way to that Utopia wherein the rich are to be poor and the poor rich. I must confess that, as such things go, it was a pretty nifty harangue. There were no disquieting facts and figures in it; it was sheer poetry from end to end, and what is more, proletarian poetry. The hon. gentleman in all probability will go on chanting variations upon the same sweet melody until the day of the rendezvous he longs for. There will be, of course, some auxiliary work by Jim Farley and other such realistic men, and whatever tax-money remains in the Treasury will be laid out to the best advantage; but the All Highest himself will give them only such stuff as dreams are made on, with an occasional resort, for the dynamic effect, to a bloodcurdling battle cry or college yell.

The Hon. Mr. Landon is apparently aiming in a different direction. He seems to be reconciled to the fact that, as a master of dithyramb, Dr. Roosevelt has it all over him, and he is plainly without hope of offering any competition in kind to the New Deal's gigantic slush fund. To be sure, he promises the mendicant farmers some new and better stick candy, but that is no more than saying that he is a candidate for the Presidency of these States. For the rest, he confines his wooing to the great horde of Americans who lie above the nether mass of incurable come-ons. These folk are the true goats of the New Deal, and, after three long years of confusion, they begin to grasp the fact in all its disquieting implications. The money to pay for it will have to come out of their pockets. They constitute the great body of normal, uncomplaining, hard-working, thrifty, self-sustaining, and somewhat self-satisfied Americans. They are willing and eager to make their own way in the world, and nine times out of ten they manage to do so, Depression or no Depression. They never buy anything they can't pay for, and they never borrow if it can be avoided. When they get into trouble they don't go bellowing to politicians, uplifters, and other such swindlers for aid; they buckle down manfully to working their own way out. When they are lucky, which is more often than not, they ascribe all their luck to their own high merits — just as

you do, and I do, and Dr. Roosevelt does. When, by the operation of these merits, they take title to a dollar, they believe, with considerable plausibility, that they ought to be consulted about the spending of it.

In certain aspects these are undoubtedly rather sordid fellows, and it is in that character that they have been denounced since March 4, 1933, by the Hon. Mr. Roosevelt and his associated messiahs. They are depicted in the gospels of these consecrated men as raffish camp-followers of Wall Street, as partisans of such abhorrent royalists as Hearst and the du Ponts, as ignoble believers in the superiority of property rights to human rights. In his parody on the Sermon on the Mount at Philadelphia, Dr. Roosevelt deplored and depreciated them as persons congenitally deficient in the Christian virtues of faith, hope, and charity — indeed, as complete moral morons, comparable almost to Dillinger, Clyde Barrow, and Al Capone. Nothing has been too harsh to say of them since. Their very existence appears in the Democratic scriptures as an inexplicable and intolerable violation of Divine Justice. If they all came down with leprosy, yellow fever, and delirium tremens tomorrow, it would be only a sign that the hierarchy of Heaven was back on the job.

But in all this, of course, there is a great deal more sound and fury than prudent judgment. The truth is that these small-town Americans —

whether they actually live in small towns, or are still in the larval stage of subsistence farmers, or advanced to the butterfly stage of city men — are so full of idealism that, put beside them, even Dr. Roosevelt looks relatively empty. At a time when he was still so far an earthworm that he spent his week-days betting other people's money that the German inflation would end in a great boom, and his Sundays and legal holidays lolling on Vincent Astor's yacht — even in those remote days, they were crowding after all sorts of world-savers, some political, some economic, some theological, and some only Rotarian. They are, and always have been, the chief meat of the Chaldeans and soothsayers, the wizards and Muggletonians. They were the chief meat of all the quacks who preceded Dr. Roosevelt in the salvation of democracy, and they were his own chief meat when he came in.

But no more. There is, unfortunately, a natural limit to idealism, and it comes when the tax collector pulls the doorbell. Even Dr. Tugwell, I suspect, would abandon his heroic scheme to make America over if he were turned out of his plush office in Washington and put to work with an actual pick and shovel, and required to furnish his own bricks and cement and to bring his own lunch. Even such grand men as Ickes and Wallace, Morgenthau and Norris, Borah and the La Follettes would be less eager to outfit all the hillbillies

in Tennessee with electric mayonnaise-mixers if they had to pay out of their own pockets for the kilowatts, the olive oil, and the eggs. I come here to an elemental fact of human nature, and though it has been formally repealed a dozen times at Washington, there is plenty of evidence that it remains in full blast elsewhere in the Republic.

Upon its continued operation the Hon. Mr. Landon grounds his hopes. If it turns out, on November 3, that a majority of American freemen continue to believe that they get more out of the New Deal than it costs them, then he will land upon his haunches with a dreadful jar; but if it turns out that a majority have begun to figure a loss instead of a profit, then he will take his place among the immortal heirs of Washington and Lincoln. All other considerations, whether personal or general, fade into an academic twilight. The problem that every voter must put to himself when he faces his sacred duty will be whether the New Deal has fed him or bled him. If he concludes, on prayerful consideration, that it has put him in the black, he will vote for Dr. Roosevelt. But if inquiry convinces him that it has put him in the red, he will vote for Dr. Landon.

II

We thus return to sordidness, but there is simply no way to get around it. Never, in all the history of

American politics, have the voters had a clearer summons to vote according to their own interests. Dr. Roosevelt's resort to the purple ideology of the Salvation Army, Heywood Broun, and the *New Republic* will never suffice to conceal the plain facts. When he talks loftily of succoring the flaming youth of America from despair and suicidal mania, and filling them with hope and idealism, he is actually talking of finding places for certain concrete youths at a highly material public trough, and every one of the smart young fellows he addresses so understands him. And when he has at their elders with similar highfalutin nonsense, they are quite able to discern in it the same substratum of hard rock. Poetry, yes, and poetry certainly not without its weird and elfish charm, but always poetry with coupons attached.

In brief, the New Deal, for all its gaudy pretensions, is at bottom simply a scheme to buy votes, and there is no getting away from that fact. If it started out with higher purposes, which I doubt, then those higher purposes have been long since forgotten. It is, as it stands today, the most discordant and self-contradictory gallimaufry of quackeries and false pretenses ever seen on earth; but under them all lies the common aim of robbing A in order to get and keep B's vote. A is any industrious, orderly, and self-respecting man, working at some useful trade and eager only to be let alone. B is any

whiner who does badly in the world and envies his betters, and is willing to follow any mountebank who promises to make him rich without work. He is, in his most familiar American incarnation, a one-crop farmer on bad land, scratching the weary earth with reluctant muscle, and consumed, when he seeks rest in the shade, by hookworms, fleas, and the fear of Hell. But he may also be a city proletarian who came out of the public schools with a mind addled and no salable information, or a sweatshop literatus who aimed at the *Saturday Evening Post* and hit the pulps, or a young professor who finds promotion slow, and has convinced himself that he is kept at the business of boring freshmen by the machinations of J. P. Morgan. He may take a myriad of forms, but two characters he always shows: he hates any man who is doing better than he is, and he believes that he ought to be indemnified for his failure with a share of that man's earnings. If his hatred reaches pathological proportions, leading to cold sweats and ringing in the ears, he becomes a Communist. But if he is simply an ordinary poor mutt, he stops with the current New Deal.

The cultivation of this poor mutt is the principal, and indeed the only occupation of demagogues under democracy; for democracy itself is only a gigantic capitalization of his congenital envy, the one real emotion that he is capable of. The dema-

gogues, of course, always conceal their business under flowery words. It appears from their speeches that they are out to lift up and enrich not only their natural clients, but all humanity. They promise to repeal all the laws of nature, and bring in a Golden Age, with sorrow, injustice, and doing-without abolished, and the whole race given over to lovey-dovey. In the emissions of this buncombe, Dr. Roosevelt differs from the other public mountebanks of the nation only in the particular that he is bolder, and, perhaps I should add, more skillful. His virtuosity, in fact, is so vast as to be almost singular. No more adroit performer upon vacant skulls has ever got into the White House.

The waning of his popularity has been significantly selective. That is to say, it has been fastest in proportion as one mounts the scale of general intelligence. In his first days he had the support of a great many persons who were not themselves sons and daughters of the horse leech, but who were deceived by his loud alarms into believing that an appalling crisis confronted the country, and that only heroic measures could cope with it. But it is now apparent that these alarms were mainly bogus. The Depression that was to have led straight to Revolution is passing off in classical quietude. It follows the curve for such things almost precisely. If there is any aberration, it is due to the stupendous quackeries that have hindered the process at every step. That

process, if let alone, would have produced its inevitable result at but small cost to the general government, and hence to the taxpayer. The colossal debt which now confronts the latter is the contribution of the charlatans set loose at Washington. They have poured out his money by the billion, and the only visible result is the erection of a huge and nefarious political machine, devoted solely to maintaining them in power.

The reported benefits of the New Deal are all imaginary. It has not solved a single one of the problems that bewilder and bedevil human society everywhere. The so-called underprivileged, far from being lifted out of their wallow, have simply been converted into mendicants and serfs. Free competition has been curbed, and monopoly has been fostered. The banks have been harassed in petty ways, but the banking system remains so clumsy and irrational that another smash is almost inevitable, and when it comes it will be worse than the last one. The savings of millions of industrious and useful people have been depleted with no benefit to anyone save parasites in and out of office. The civil service has been wrecked to make a national Tammany, devoted only to pillage. Every really scientific effort to get at the springs of the communal griefs has been abandoned for quackery pure and undiluted.

Soon or late, obviously, this mess must be cleaned up. It can no more go on indefinitely than an epidemic of smallpox could go on indefinitely. There would be a certain poetic justice in giving the job to the Hon. Mr. Roosevelt, for it will present large difficulties and yield little thanks; but there are risks in setting so mercurial a man to so laborious a task. He is too romantic to be a safe scavenger. He will be tempted, whenever his broom stalls, to throw it aside and yodel down the air lanes. What is needed is a less imaginative and more reliable man — one who can see an unpleasant objective clearly, and pursue it undeviatingly. What is needed is one who will actually throw the Cagliostros out, and plug up the holes in the Treasury, and restore the government to its natural functions, and shut off the deluge of hooley.

I believe it will be a good idea to try the Hon. Mr. Landon of Kansas. He would cut a poor figure in opera, but he looks to me to be a pretty good hand with a shovel. He probably knows a great deal less than the Hon. Mr. Roosevelt, but much more of what he knows is true. And when he promises to do this or that, laying his hand on his heart and rolling his eyes toward the Throne of God, there is at least a reasonable probability that he will make an honest effort to keep his word.



SEX PROBLEMS OF MODERN PARENTS

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE claim of the young to some sort of instruction in the elementary facts of sex is now established. In practice it may not always be secured, but in principle it is almost universally accepted. That represents a great advance from the beliefs and attitudes of the parents of fifty years ago, as some of us are able to recall. In those days, the most devoted parents seldom felt called upon to impart even the slightest knowledge on this subject. They might keep watch lest their children should fall into "bad habits": but that was all. Parents seem to have regarded the sexual impulse as normally non-existent before marriage; a mother might occasionally give a few crude hints to her daughter on the eve of her wedding, while young men were probably considered capable of obtaining information for themselves. Today, in all circles, a totally different attitude prevails. There is an eager anxiety to ascertain how sex information should be imparted to the young, at what age it should begin, to what extent it should go, and by whom it should be supplied.

Not only are these questions widely discussed, but they have given rise to

the publication, still actively in progress, of a great many books of varied quality, both in America and England. Some of these volumes are admirable, alike those intended for children themselves and those written for the guidance of parents and teachers. Yet when, from the viewpoint of today, we examine these books, we often feel that, good as they are, they are not good enough.

For we have been mainly concerned to impart elementary facts. Important as they are, when we view the sexual and social situation today, we see that something is needed beyond facts. We do not live merely in a world explored by science. Beyond the biological facts, there are the social facts, the institutions, the traditions, the prejudices of the social world into which we are born; and there are as well the ideas and feelings with which we ourselves have grown up, and which, though we may modify, we cannot destroy. Sex is so pervading an element among all these, that even when we have discovered the facts of it we may still be far from realizing their significance.

What is new today is that the young generation is not born into the

same world of prejudices as the previous generation. Its parents are old enough to have absorbed the knowledge of sex of which its grandparents knew, or pretended to know, nothing. These parents have been able to meet startling revelations, and have sometimes acted daringly, even too daringly. They may not regret this, but they have become alive to the dangers which beset the path of the beginner on the sexual road of life. They assume the right to information on sexual anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, but they know by experience that the skill to use such information wisely cannot be assumed. Their position towards their children thus becomes entirely different from that of their own parents, who had been concerned simply with imparting, or withholding, information about the facts, and, seldom, if ever, about the various uses which could be made of the facts. Hence, a new problem arises. What are modern parents to do about it?

II

The young of former days seldom had much, if any, practical guidance in matters of sex from their parents. But there have always been sources of guidance outside the family circle. There were servants, other children, school companions more versed in sexual practice. These sources of guidance have existed from of old, and have often been the only avail-

able sources. They were nearly always bad. This was so not because of any inherent badness in the sexual impulse: it was simply due to the conventional attitude of sex-repression that, by discouraging wholesome manifestations, left open only those outlets which, if not actually to be described as vicious, might easily become so. The conventional reactions against such influence have always been the artificial buttress of a rigid code. A sounder reaction would have been to set up a more wholesome guidance.

This, we hope, is largely where the new parent may come in. It would, on a natural basis, be simply the continuation of an attitude which is already recognized and to a considerable extent established. When the modern child asks "Where do babies come from?", the sensible parent answers the question naturally. There is no need for the child of today, as there was for the child of yesterday, to seek the answer elsewhere. And as, from time to time, other connected questions occur, they are answered in the same spirit, care being taken not to give premature information. An attitude of confidence is in this way established; for matters of sexual fact the parent is regarded as a reliable source of information.

But there may come a point at which the youngster, now no longer a child, may view the possibility of a new departure—the growing strength of the sexual impulse sug-

gests putting information into practice. At this point a new attitude is demanded from the parent. With the establishment of sexual activity in adolescence, the child comes to the level of man and woman. The parent is no longer the superior source of information. More difficult problems tend to arise. Dogmatic assertions are not now in place; the modern parent cannot honestly put them forth, and the maturing son or daughter would refuse to accept them.

In this difficult situation the prime condition of progress lies in the establishment of friendship between parents and child. In advocating such a relationship, it is satisfactory to know that we are no longer putting forth a revolutionary notion. In a forthcoming book on sex problems, which reached my hands recently, I am pleased to read:

Parents, these days, thank God! seem to be almost growing up with their children. This, after all, is what it should be, and the reason is that they are beginning to realize that, although as parents they have plenty to teach, they also have something to learn. So it is that they retain far more securely the child's respect and love, a priceless boon, only to be won on a basis of close friendship, never on that of aloof authority.

So that if the relationship has up to this point been sound and natural, the new attitude should not be troublesome to reach, though the parent will have to act warily. It is no longer a question of imparting

information about definite facts; the child knows the facts and is now considering their practical application; the parent can only give advice and at the most guidance. But that function is highly important. With or without information, the young adult, powerfully aroused by new impulses, may take a step that will fatally affect his whole subsequent life.

The enlightened parent who is convinced that there is no abstract sin in sexual intercourse, and that, so long as the individual's actions do not interfere with the welfare of his neighbors, he is himself the sole judge of his action, may yet well be alarmed when one of his own children gives indications of carrying into practice the information freely imparted. A son seems ready to run the risks of becoming the father of an illegitimate child without realizing the responsibilities involved. A daughter who is acquainted with the nature of the sex act and the pleasure attributed to it may suddenly decide to try it out with the grocer boy, overlooking the penalties of promiscuity falling so severely on a young girl, since the talk about equality of the sexes is in most circles still largely talk. Also, venereal disease is, as someone has remarked, "as easy to contract as the New Freedom", since the secrecy in which the victims hide it conceals its awful dangers.

The parents' task is further complicated by the fact that economic

factors and social institutions still largely mold life in a direction counter to biological needs. Enlightened parents are now aware of these needs, and realize that sons and daughters are naturally ripe for sexual life somewhere about the age of eighteen, though not expected to be socially able to marry much before twenty-five. What is the sexually conscious lad or girl to do in the interval, and are the parents going to help him or her to bridge the gap?

III

An enlightened society, keeping time with modern progress in sexual education, might formally recognize novitiate marriages. If happy marriages are as rare as they are widely held to be, it is because proper selection is the exception rather than the rule. Indeed, the first choice, in the experience of most of us, is not often the best. It is therefore time that social institutions should keep step with the new claims for instruction in sexual matters by providing for the experience which is perhaps even more clearly required for marriage than for a profession. Such training can never be satisfactorily achieved by mere courtship, however prolonged. A testing period for the sexual life should be regarded as at least as desirable as for the ascetic life. Novitiate marriage, or some similar innovation, should be backed by public approval.

Meanwhile, how are the enlightened parents situated who have fully instructed their children, who see them ripening into active sexuality, and yet find no adequate social institution to help them in the task of launching these young people on the right track? This period of early adulthood is surrounded by dangers, and in a transitional era such as ours, enlightened parents may run risks as well as the old-fashioned. But the former possess a few notable advantages. First of all, they have the confidence of their children, and I repeat that this is the prime factor. No guidance from parents, above all on sexual matters, can prove of much use unless friendship has been established in childhood and retained in early adulthood. For such parents the advantages over the old-fashioned are twofold if temptation to rash action should come over youth with the uprush of sexual activity. The first advantage is, of course, that as the result of the method of friendship, the temptation will at any rate be freely expressed. The second is that, through the preservation of confidence, children not only live their early love raptures in the open, but usually, as I have observed, show themselves so accustomed to habits of reasoned discussion with experienced elders that, hot blood notwithstanding, the dangers they encounter are of far less consequence than for their contemporary friends not so reared.

A child educated in this fashion has acquired instinctive habits of discipline which his ignorant friend does not possess. He or she is less likely to contract venereal disease or to run away with the *midinette* or the grocer boy, and far less likely to become the parent of an illegitimate child without realizing the responsibilities involved.

Thus, for instance, in the case known to me of Marjorie, a girl of eighteen, who nearly had an escapade with a married man, the danger was averted because of the sound education she had derived from her parents. When Marjorie fell in love with Jack, her father's acquaintance and a married man much older than herself, she boasted of it to both parents. So when the day came that Jack proposed a trip with her to the country, Marjorie was openly eager to go and sought her parents' consent. It was a crucial moment, and for her father and mother the touchstone of their method, for they had become convinced that Jack was unscrupulous. But he failed to realize what a disciplined creature such a modern girl can be when she owes that nature to a parental friendship. Marjorie's parents understood their child's integrity and knew that if they once wounded it, they would lose not only their present battle, but would no doubt lose forever the power of guidance. They had therefore to consider agreeing to the trip should the girl remain determined; but in

such an event Marjorie would certainly have gone fully instructed, so as not to become pregnant. After a full discussion with her parents, however, Marjorie's respect for integrity in others, in emulation of her parents' respect of hers, made her see the position from their viewpoint, from that of Jack's wife whom she did not wish to hurt, from that of his children, and from that of the possible consequences of such an escapade for all concerned. And it was she herself who sent Jack away. Marjorie's subsequent love-life unfolded itself with ease in her own frank manner, until she found a suitable partner and married happily.

IV

Those who fear that new sexual notions will mean greater promiscuity, close their eyes to the fact that promiscuity was everywhere rampant under the old-fashioned education, or lack of education, and that when we still find it today, it is mostly among types reared in the old traditions. How often, still, parents remain totally in the dark, unless some inconceivable disaster makes public the consequence, which is far more likely than with the enlightened youth.

Such a book as Judge Lindsey's,¹ which shocked so many people, was no eye-opener to those acquainted with the biological needs of youth

¹ *Revolt of Modern Youth*, by Ben B. Lindsey. Boni & Liveright; New York.

and what goes on behind the stage of a society in league with blind parents. It bore courageous witness to the conspiracy of silence and the failure of parents who had not established between themselves and their children that friendship which is the prime condition of sexual enlightenment. Judge Lindsey's volume brought the light of day to bear on the revolt of youth, but that revolt was not as modern as the title might imply. We all know of cases in the past as glaring as those reported by Judge Lindsey, and bringing the same tragic consequences. While there were always, of course, the boys initiated by prostitutes (in fact in some countries such initiation is still so common as to leave the stamp of its cynicism upon almost the whole manhood of the nation), there was also the girl who runs away with a married man, after long years of agony and repression, and with the frequent result of tragedy. At the root of modern promiscuity I discern not so much modern enlightenment as a sham imitation of it, or, more often, as complete a lack of it as in former days.

But even the most risky experiments are more likely to turn out happily than the old blind ways of letting youth's sexual life care for itself. I have lately witnessed an early marriage with the full consent of parents on both sides, on the basis of a companionate and childless union; and in another case such a union actually outside marriage, more or

less camouflaged from a society not yet ready for it, but so skillfully carried out by the young people and the parents as probably to become a permanent union. Such experiments are preferable to the clandestine affairs of the past, not only because they less often end in tragedy, but because they may prove the safeguard for preserving the soundness of a boy's or a girl's heart.

But the timid may well ask, "Will the enlightened parent often have to attempt such daring experiments?" It is certain that many parents keep clear of experiments. Yet apart from the dangers of promiscuity, cynicism, or tragedy inherent to the old system, there is also the danger of excessive repression. Modern parents should be more ready to prepare themselves for a risky experiment than to run the danger, through suddenly forbidding a course of action the child has been led to assume as perfectly natural, of encountering excessive repression. This might do as much harm as the old-fashioned code.

There are of course many less gross and more frequent problems which present themselves at the threshold of the sexual life, and there may be no desire to depart from the ordinary path of courtship with a possibility of marriage at the end. In the light of their own early experience, parents could helpfully discuss the questions that thus arise. Such questions fall, on the whole, into two groups: personal questions and social

questions. Both alike are outside the ordinary manuals of sex; both are of a nature which cannot be fully realized by those who are too young to have had wide experience.

For the group of personal problems it is increasingly probable that the assistance of experts will be required. It no longer seems unreasonable that each of the partners before finally agreeing to marry should receive full medical and other information concerning the other partner. Such information should not merely cover health and constitution, but also the subject's attitude towards sex relations.

It is the social group of problems, however, which are more likely to come up for consideration by the parents. That is so not only because of their importance, but because they are the problems which at the outset of adult life we are most likely to underestimate. They belong to the sphere of what is commonly called morals.

Now "morality" is not always a word treated with much respect by the young. It tends to be regarded as an ancient code of rules standing in the way of the things one wants to do. It is to be feared that a false conception of religion is largely responsible for this feeling. The churches — little as they intended — have discredited morality, partly by placing it on a religious foundation, so that to lose faith in religion might easily mean to lose faith in morals; and partly in a

contrary direction by deprecating "mere morality" in comparison with the supreme gift of divine grace.

But morality has no necessary connection with religion. It is concerned with a different sphere. It is simply a name for the relationship of the individual to his social group. Since each of us belongs to a social group, and is never out of some sort of relation to it, we cannot at any moment escape morals. Our every act, that is to say, is either in, or out, of harmony with our welfare as social beings. This is brought home to us as we advance and lose the self-centered prejudice with which at the outset we faced life. But parents may well take part in the enlightenment by showing how natural personal demands in the practical sexual field must to some extent always be adjusted to the social and economic demands.

No doubt there is, as I remarked at the outset, constant development in the ethical field, and there are always points at which it is called for. But not everyone is fitted to be a pioneer in morals. It needs an heroic temper which only the few possess. The pioneer must be willing to struggle and perhaps to succumb in the end. The majority must always be content to adapt themselves to their moral world and not attempt to adapt it to themselves. That is an attitude which parents will seldom fail to make clear to their children who consult them.

Needless to say, it will not always be accepted. But that will not necessarily destroy understanding or even sympathy. There is always room for the partnership between age and youth, between experience and inexperience. It is of the greatest help, in any case, for the younger generation

to know the intimate problems of the previous generation from which they have themselves proceeded, and the opinions to which practical experience has led. But this intimate relationship can seldom, if ever, be established unless it begins when the child is at his mother's knee.



NOT THE VICTOR, NOW

BY V. JAMES CHRASTA

To a kind land, to a loved land smelling of hawthorn
And dark with the fall of rain,
Hearing the wind in the thatch all night long, but torn
With grief, he has come home again.

Not as victor, not as hero returning, nor even a shadow of him
Whom she shaped to birth.
But torn with grief, torn by the claws of love, by the beak of whim
He has returned to earth.

So must the stricken wolf, snuffing his many wounds and crying,
Have come to his hidden den,
Stifling his pain, not enduring the thought of his dying
Under the hard eyes of men.

He has come home: home to the windy hill, to the plover.
Home, from the indelicate tongue
Of truth, to the determinate breast of earth and her cover,
Whence in his youth he sprung.

HOW TO BE A BUREAUCRAT

ANONYMOUS

I BECAME a Washington bureaucrat twenty years ago and I'm still on the job. Though at times I have swayed perilously on the political tightrope, I have managed to hold my own. It occurs to me that the tricks and subterfuges I have learned during my tenure may prove valuable to the job-seeking fledgling back home who is planning to journey here and spread his wings under the patronage banner of the New Deal; in fact, the advice I can give may spell the margin between success and failure. So I set down bluntly a few hints to guide the swarm of small fry now jockeying for preferred position at the federal trough.

Every young tightrope walker should first of all make for himself a powerful friend in each of the two major parties. If you begin during a Democratic regime, make it a point to do a few favors for Republican senators or congressmen, for when the Republicans come into power again you'll find it easy to persuade these gentlemen to go to bat for you. All members of Congress like to have reliable contacts in the federal departments, men who are indebted to them, and they will gladly magnify

your little favors into "remarkable ability". But once the Republicans are in power, and you are safely reintrenched, cast your eyes about for a deserving Democratic congressman.

Treat the secretaries of senators and congressmen precisely as you would the distinguished legislators themselves, for the secretary is often the power behind the stuffed shirt. Never let a political bigwig know that you have done favors for another political bigwig, even if both legislators belong to the same party. If you do, you depreciate the value of your favors. Let each statesman believe you have favored him alone, so that he may come to look upon you as his protégé.

If you can help it, however, never let your official record, or personnel file, contain a reference or endorsement of anyone in politics. The first thing a party coming into power does is to look for such endorsements, preparatory to swinging the ax. Subordinates are not permitted to examine their personnel files, but chiefs of divisions or heads of sections can send at any time to the personnel office and secure such files.

Once you reach such a position in your bureaucratic career, therefore, it is a simple matter to remove any such endorsement. Always do this on the eve of election, but do not destroy the paper. It may come in handy four years later.

You will find it helpful to remember that although both Democrats and Republicans play politics with the bureaucracy, the Republicans play the game with more subtlety, perhaps because they have had more experience. It was Bryan who talked about jobs for deserving politicians; it was the less voluble Smoot who delivered them.

When a new Administration comes in, never speak ill of former superiors to your new superiors. They will know you are currying favor with them, and your remarks will make them more acutely aware of the fact that you may have plenty of adverse comment to make about them. They will come to regard you as a dangerous man. If your new chief sounds you out about your previous superiors, keep a conspicuously tight lip and a knowing eye, but profess an ignorance obviously false. You will then be credited with being against the Outs, the political party to which your late superiors belonged, and the manner of your reticence will gain you a reputation as a pretty wise bird.

Endeavor to make the people who journey to Washington to see you in your official capacity believe that you

agree with whatever they advocate. Give them something to take back home, but don't put it into writing. You can help achieve the result by agreeing with them emphatically insofar as innocuous matters are concerned, and by pursing your lips sagaciously when dangerous ground is reached. An experienced bureaucrat can usually play this part so well that each of the representatives, returning from Washington, will tell his associates:

"I had a good talk in Washington with So-and-So. He sees eye to eye with us."

The chances are he'll magnify to the stay-at-homes his slight acquaintance with you. It will add to his prestige, for after all you are a part of the federal government at Washington; and you may be sure he'll also magnify the part you play in that government, in order to glorify himself. But this little method must be supplemented, except in cases where the controversy soon dies out or someone in high authority acts to settle it. In many cases your visitors will return to follow things up. In your efforts to please everybody — and that is the job of a Washington bureaucrat — you will do well to remind them early in the game that you are only one little wheel in a big machine. On successive visits let them down gradually by referring vaguely to obstacles. You can blame almost anything on insufficient appropriations by Congress. Empha-

size this niggardliness by telling your visitors that you have to live on \$5 a day when you travel on government business. Show your discouragement, talk vaguely about resigning — getting out of the service. The red tape and other obstacles have almost disillusioned you — almost, but not quite. You can disarm many a caller by agreeing with him wholeheartedly, but adding that, unfortunately, your hands are tied.

Give your visitors forms to fill out — plenty of them. It will probably pay you to design a few yourself, but never let those to whom you give them suspect you are responsible. Always hand them out with an apology and a discouraged reference to red tape.

You will be asked many questions that have already been fully answered in publications of the bureau in which you work. In referring an inquisitor to such a publication, you have your choice between telling him to purchase the publication from the Superintendent of Documents or giving him one of the free copies which your bureau has for public distribution. The free copies are plainly marked with a selling price; and a wise use of your discretionary power in this matter will make the recipient of a free copy consider you have done him a personal favor.

Never let anyone rush you off your feet. Never forget that in a bureaucracy, more problems are solved by time than by all other factors. People

die, if you delay long enough, and some of your problems will die with them. The laws of nature and of economics are your allies, but they take time to function. Be patient.

II

In your dealings with lobbyists, be careful lest your name be unpleasantly tied to any one of them. Not even a hermit could escape contact with them, however, and it is better to be known as a friend of many than as a friend of one. Remember in this connection particularly what I have said about not putting things in writing. Remember, too, that telephone wires can be tapped.

You will be invited to have cocktails, to lunch, and to dine many, many times with lobbyists, and their attractive friends of the other sex. It is said of one of my New Deal associates that in two years the only meals he has paid for himself have been his breakfasts, and that these he's never in condition to eat. When the New Deal eventually passes into the limbo that I have seen swallow up the Big Stick, the New Freedom, Normalcy, and the Two Chickens and Two Cars, my associate will soon follow. He has made himself too prominent, has become identified too publicly with the present Administration.

I turn down at least fifty per cent of all such invitations, and thus I am sure I get far more enjoyment from

the one or two evenings each week I am entertained in that manner. Furthermore, I make it a point to take my lobbyist friends to lunch myself once in a while, or to the Mayflower for cocktails. I can't afford to entertain them in the style they entertain me at their employers' expense, but it not only makes me feel less of a parasite but it does me no harm to be seen paying the check once in a while. One of my bureaucratic superiors arranges with some of his lobbyist friends so that when he is entertained at a hotel, he pays the check himself—and is reimbursed afterward.

The common garden variety of lobbyist is bluffing his employer into believing he possesses considerable influence in Washington, when, as a matter of fact, he simply knows his way around. Never attempt to show up such lobbyists. On the contrary, help them in getting away with their bluffs, insofar as you can without compromising yourself. The little lobbyist who has learned his way around the various departments and commissions dreads changes in bureaucratic personnel, provided his relationship with the existing personnel is a pleasant one. In the aggregate, these little lobbyists can bring considerable pressure upon a new Administration in Washington, through their employers, on behalf of a kindly bureaucrat of the previous Administration in danger of losing his job.

Do no great favors for these little lobbyists. Let them call you by your first name; let them in the office a little sooner than the appointment calls for; treat them liberally with the bureau's free copies of publications; go out of your way to explain procedure to them. The little lobbyist won't expect overmuch. He knows that you know he is bluffing, and all he really hopes for is an occasional helping hand.

In your dealings with more important lobbyists, there is little in the way of concrete advice that I can give beyond the obvious warning: Be careful! If you offend them, they are powerful enough to break you. If you become their tool, they will ruin you.

Newspapermen are another group in Washington that can be helpful to a tightrope walker. On the other hand, if they take a dislike to you, they can and will do immense harm. Whatever you do, therefore, make no journalistic enemies. Actually, it is fairly easy to make allies of them. Try to have one important Washington correspondent as an intimate. Don't try to give him scoops, but tip him off in advance when anything big is going to break and help him get the background for a good story when it's released, a better story than the other boys get. Not only will he repay you by friendly boosts in print now and then, but he will protect you from attacks in print by his confreres, just as each of them protects

some other tightrope walker from the attacks of other Washington correspondents. This is part of the masonry of newspapermen. Every successful Washington correspondent has at least one major bureaucrat and a few minor bureaucrats on his string. They are his points of contact, and he protects them. From a friendly correspondent, a tightrope walker will often receive a tip on how the political wind is about to blow, and warnings of coming changes in high places.

I have always sought to have my bureau publicized, not myself. Favorable publicity for a bureau is favorable publicity for the commission or department of which the bureau is a part. It permits the political heads above you to bask in its sunshine. They will be grateful to you because your work has inspired the sunshine. On the other hand, mere personal publicity is dangerous, as it places you out in front to be shot at.

Finally, have one of your newspaper friends put you up for associate membership in the National Press Club. It is the common meeting place of lobbyists, bureaucrats, and — occasionally — newspapermen.

III

Some bureaucrats have to work hard all the time. Most of us, however, are not in that category. If you haven't enough work to keep you busy, contrive to appear busy. It's good policy

to carry a brief-case to and from the office. Don't make this a daily occurrence, however, or it will soon pass unnoticed. You can make the brief-case bulge to a convincing degree by taking home pads of paper and pencils for the kiddies, and by bringing to the office your personal mail and bills. It is safer to be late in the morning than to leave early in the afternoon. To be sure, your superiors will probably not only come late but go early as well, so that whichever you do you run little risk of having them discover your absence. But persons who come to see you in the morning can wait until you arrive, while those who come in the afternoon cannot wait the night through, and so may make trouble for you higher up.

It is essential that you learn which of your superiors and associates must be flattered, which must be cajoled, which must be nagged, which must be frightened; which ones can be won over by losing at golf, which ones by losing at poker or bridge, which ones by dancing with their wives or daughters — and which ones want their wives and daughters left strictly alone.

You will be called upon to do many things that are foolish. Do them, or at least give the appearance of doing them. If you are asked by a superior to estimate the total number of freckles on the faces of all six-year-old children in Kansas, don't say it can't be done, and don't ask

why your superior wants such an estimate. Make a guess. Or get your wife to make a guess. Most of the so-called estimates are for the use of economists, and no matter how accurate the estimates are, the conclusions drawn by the economists will be erroneous.

Washington is a beautiful city — in pictures. It would also be a beautiful city to live in were it not for its climate. Not only do Washington summers inflict extreme physical and mental discomfort, but under their all-enveloping heat the inertia of bureaucracy waxes heavier than ever. From mid-June to Labor Day, content yourself with routine. Husband your wiles for the rest of the year. Let others wear themselves out working. And whatever you do, don't worry about the state of the nation.

In all probability there will be occasions when you will come into possession of "inside dope", advance information, perhaps, of important governmental action which will affect security or commodity prices. To speculate, or not to speculate — that will be the question. The answer is: Don't! I say this not because there exists much danger of your getting caught. In most cases there will be no statutory provision against such speculation; but the real peril lies in the fact that such dope has a way of producing totally unexpected results.

There is a far safer way to profit from information of this type. Early

in your bureaucratic career, become acquainted with the Washington manager of a brokerage house. As you progress in your career to the point where advance information of this kind is likely to come your way, you will find this acquaintanceship — quite without effort on your part — ripening into friendship. To your broker friend, then, give the "inside dope". Don't even suggest what use he might put it to. Let him use not only his own money but his own brains. If the transaction proves profitable, he'll find an unobtrusive way to reward you. If he loses his money, you lose nothing; not even his friendship, provided your information was reliable. It was he, not you, who misinterpreted the information. His the blame because the market didn't perform as expected.

Except from the taxpayer's point of view, the tightrope walking profession is not overcrowded. I have made no attempt here to produce a complete guidebook to the profession, but have set down the answers to a few of the situations that sooner or later confront every Washington bureaucrat, and a few tricks that we old-timers resort to. In what I have written, even a professional reformer with a bit of sense in his head will find pointers which should enable him to prolong his stay. As for the youth filled merely with ambition for himself, he has only to follow these guideposts carefully to enjoy a long and prosperous career at the trough.

FAME AND THE POET

A Story

BY THOMAS WOLFE

FAME followed him round all day long but he did not speak to her. He always knew that she was there, however, and that her glorious eyes were fixed adoringly on him. He deliberately avoided looking at her. He knew he had her, he knew that she was his, and he thought it was just as well to let her wait a little while. And that night, just as he expected, she got into the elevator as he was going up to his room. Still he didn't speak to her or give any indication that he was aware of her presence. But her fragrance filled the elevator cage; she smelled perfectly glorious. When he got out of the elevator, Fame got out too, and as he went down the corridor toward his room, he could hear her light and rapid footsteps following along behind him. He opened the door and walked into his room. Fame came in too. He closed the door. Fame stood looking at him with an expression of adoring submissiveness. It was not until that moment that he spoke to her.

"Sit down," he said, in a quiet but masterful tone of voice.

Fame took a seat and with her

hands folded in her lap, continued to look at him demurely, with an expression of adoring obedience in her glorious gray eyes.

"Now, listen, Fame," our hero said, clearing his throat nervously and fumbling in his pocket for a cigarette in order to conceal his embarrassment. "There are a few things we ought to get straight right now."

"Yes, darling," the Angel replied, and leaning forward a little in an attitude of submissive respect, she indicated by her manner that she was prepared to give her master the most earnest and obedient attention.

"In the first place," the young man said, "there is this name of yours — not that I don't like it," he said quickly, as she gazed at him with wide and dewy eyes, "only — well," he hunted for a word and flushed a little with embarrassment — "it is a little formal — a little too classical for modern use."

"Is it, dear?" said Fame in a vague and tender voice, still gazing at him with star-eyed adoration.

"Yes." He cleared his throat quickly. "Now what I was thinking

is — if we could only find a name for you — something a little more simple — a — a — little more adapted to everyday use."

"Whatever you say, dear," Fame replied.

"Well now," the young man said, "I was thinking of something plain and simple like — like — Ruth, or Mary, or — or — Fay!" he cried triumphantly. "What's wrong with Fay?" he demanded. "It's a good name — short, plain, easy to remember, doesn't attract attention — a lot of girls are called Fay nowadays. What's wrong with Fay?" he said persuasively and looked inquiringly at her.

"Nothing, darling," Fame answered. "I think it's a very nice name. Is that what you'd like to call me?"

"Yes, I think it is. It's a good name for you. So if you don't mind, I'll call you Fay hereafter."

"All right, dear," Fame said quietly. "If you like the name, I do too."

"Good! That's settled then!" he said with satisfaction. "After this your name is Fay. . . . Now, another thing —" Here he cleared his throat again, squirmed uncomfortably, and reddened. "Another thing" was not going to be so easy.

II

"Yes, dear?" Fame asked inquiringly, after a moment's pause.

"Well, now, Fay —" The youth craned at his collar, flushed a deep

tomato red, and strove desperately to get it out — "It's — it's — well," he blurted and brought his palm down sharply on his knee — "it's — it's about those wings of yours."

Fame regarded her plumage with considerable satisfaction and said, "They *are* nice, aren't they?"

"Yes," the young man said, "but — but — well, you see, Fay, girls don't wear those things nowadays. Not — not that they're not very becoming to you and all that but — but if you went around now — always wearing things like that, you'd attract an awful lot of attention — you really would. You'd — you'd have people following you in the streets, and you wouldn't like that, Fay, you know you wouldn't."

Fame looked at him wide-eyed with astonishment. "You don't like my wings?" she said, shaking her head a little, looking at him with a troubled question in her lovely eyes.

"I *do* like them — I *do* like them," he said desperately, " — only you see, Fay, it's not the style any more."

"Most of the boys I used to go with liked them," Fame replied. "Shelley was crazy about them — he called me Angel — he was always talking about flying away with me somewhere. He always insisted that I have my wings snowy white. Keats liked them too, only his tastes were a little loud. He liked crimson wings with golden tips: they really used to attract a lot of attention when I went out with him. Milton liked my wings

but he had very sober tastes in everything. I had to dress in gray for him; that was the way he liked me best. Then there was Walter Raleigh. Walter always liked —”

“Look here,” the young man said and stared at Fame suspiciously. “It seems to me you’ve been around a good deal for a girl of your age.”

“Oh, no,” said Fame quickly. “I really haven’t. I’ve been almost nowhere. I’ve really led a very retiring sort of life.”

“Well,” said her lord and master, still regarding the lady with a suspicious eye, “for a girl who has led a retiring life, you certainly seem to have known a lot of men.”

“No one as nice as you, darling,” Fame whispered cozily and tried to snuggle in beside him. The young man repulsed her gently but firmly, still looking at her suspiciously. As he regarded her, his uneasiness increased. He didn’t like the way she said the words; there was something in the tone, the cajoling manner, that bothered him. The more he thought of it, the less he liked it. It seemed to him that he had heard these very words spoken in this very tone before, and even as he wondered where he had heard them, it came to him like a flash. It was his former mistress, Mrs. Flutterly, all over again.

“Now don’t hand me any of that stuff,” he said brutally. “I want the truth. Have you or have you not?”

“But — but,” Fame looked bewildered and tried to laugh it off, just

as Mrs. Flutterly used to do. “*What* stuff are you talking about, darling? I’m not handing you any stuff,” she protested. “Besides, I don’t even know what you are talking about.”

It’s the same old line, he reflected, and ground his teeth: Mrs. Flutterly to a T.

“Now you look here,” he said roughly. “You know damn good and well what I’m talking about, so don’t try to play innocent with me.”

“But — but darling, I *don’t*!” Fame protested, shrugging her shoulders slightly, lifting her hands and laughing a little troubled and uncomfortable laugh. They’re all alike, the youth thought gloomily, as he regarded the lady with a sullen and distempered eye; it’s Mrs. Flutterly all over, even to the way she looks innocent and bewildered and shrugs her shoulders and pretends to laugh.

“If you’d only tell me what you’re talking about —” Fame began.

“Come on,” he said coarsely. “Quit stalling around now — you know good and well what I’m talking about. How many men you been with — huh?” the brute barked at her, and glowered evilly.

“Been with?” Fame said slowly, her voice rising on a fine inflection of puzzled doubt. “Do you mean how many men have I been *out* with?”

“Now, listen, you,” he said in a tone that was distinctly full of threat. “You answer and you tell the truth or out you go. How many lovers have you had?”

"Lovers?" Fame began, "why I don't remember if —"

"You do remember," he said. "And by God, you're going to tell me the truth if I have to choke it out of you. Answer me!" he shouted again and smote his knee so fiercely that it made her jump. "How many of those guys did you sleep with?"

"Why — why —" she faltered in a trembling tone.

"By God, you're going to tell me now," he muttered between grating teeth and leaning forward he seized the slender bracelet of her arm with brutal grip. "Answer!" he snarled and shook her. "Answer, I tell you!"

She burst into tears, great choking sobs welled up and filled her throat; she tried to speak but couldn't through the tears. It was, he grimly saw, the art of Mrs. Flutterly.

"There — there —" she choked.

"Answer!" he rasped and shook her again. "Were there or were there not? Answer!"

"— Yis," she squeaked almost inaudibly. "There were —"

"How many?" he said through clenched teeth.

"I — I — I — *two* —" she finally squeaked in a pitiable little voice.

"*Two!*" he shook her. "*Two!*" Again he shook her. "Are you sure it's *two*?" For a third time he shook her brutally. "Answer!" he yelled.

"I — I — I — *three!*" she squeaked. "Maybe three!" she gasped.

"Ah — h — h!" his breath expired in a sigh of disgust.

He straightened back in his chair and fairly flung her from him. "And maybe four — and maybe five — and maybe six — and maybe God knows how many more! You wouldn't even know yourself! There have been so damn many you've lost count! You're all alike — the whole lot of you!"

III

Gnawing his lip, he settled back in his chair, and for a moment surveyed her in glowering silence. But at length, curiosity got the best of him.

"You and Milton," he rasped harshly. "What about you and him? Was he one of them?"

"He — he — was a good man, George," Fame wept softly. "But I was so young when I met him — just a girl — he was so good — so good," she wept. "But hard — hard! There was never any joy, any laughter — any music in the house. If I tried to sing he made me stop. He wanted to be good to me — but he was so stern. Our life was nothing but work, work, work from dawn to dark — he called it living laborious days — and he said a woman's place was in the home. I suppose he was right," she smiled pitifully through her tears, "— but I was so young — I wanted a little joy."

"You're not answering my question," said the youth implacably. "Was Milton one of your lovers or not?"

"He — he —" Fame began in a faltering voice.

"Yes or no?" he snarled. "I want an answer."

Fame's ripe lip trembled. She tried to speak, her glorious eyes suffused with tears again: "Yis—" she squeaked—"He—he—Yis!—but I was so young—so young," she sobbed. "I didn't kn---o---w!"

"I thought so," said the hero with the grim finality of disgust, and leaning far back in his chair he surveyed her a moment in gloomy silence.

"What about Shelley?" He barked so sharply that it made her jump. "Was he one of the gang, too?"

"—Oh," Fame cried, softly smiling through her tears, "he was a *saint*, an *angel*. There was something so unearthly about Percy—he was more like a disembodied spirit than a man of flesh and blood—"

"None of that guff now!" he rasped. "Did you and Percy have relations—yes or no?"

"—It—it—it was really more like disembodied spirits—" Fame went on in a rapid and faltering tone. "Yes or no?"

"—Nothing—nothing physical about it at all," Fame went on. "The desire of the moth for the star—that's what Percy called it—"

"Listen, you!" He leaned forward and shook her brutally. "Answer me! Did you and Percy have relations or didn't you? *Yes or no!*"

Her tender underlip trembled, she tried to speak, finally she burst into tears again, and squeaked:

"Yis! . . . but I was so young

. . . so lonely . . . I didn't really mean to—"

"I thought so!" he said with a growl of fierce disgust and pushed her brutally away from him, and then for a moment longer sat regarding her with a sneer of contempt. ". . . 'He could give not what men called love!' Ah—ah—ah! The damned mealy-mouthed hypocrite! . . . Giving the works to every girl he met and trying to pretend he was the Holy Ghost! . . . Well, come on, now!" he said coarsely. "Let's have all the dirt and get it over with! Was Keats one of the boys, too?"

"—Johnny—" Fame began in a trembling voice, "—Johnny—"

"Was he? Yes or no?"

"—The poor kid—" she gasped. "He was all alone, he had no money, no friends—he was dying of consumption—I—I—I felt that if there was anything I could—"

"Yes or no?" he shouted.

"Yis," squeaked Fame, beginning to sob hysterically. "Yis! . . . Yis! . . . I've told you now! You've dragged it out of me! . . ."

She smote herself dramatically on her bosom with a small clenched fist and tried to smile bravely, pathetically, with martyred air. ". . . But as God is my judge," she went on in a moment, in a trembling voice that faltered through her tears, "you're the only one I ever really loved—the others didn't count," she sobbed. "I was so young at the time—just a young girl—father and mother

were both dead — and, oh God!" she sobbed, "I was so alone — so alone —" Great choking sobs engulfed her, took her speech away — she tried to speak, but could not — finally, pathetically, heartrendingly, just as Mrs. Flutterly used to do, she squeaked: "I didn't know what to do-o-o," and smiled pitifully. "I didn't know what to *do-o-o!*"

IV

He couldn't stand it. He saw how he was being taken in, but he was still the dupe and still the gull; torn between pity and tenderness which the sight of a woman in tears stirred in

him and cursing himself for his own weakness and folly in yielding, he took her in his arms and growled; "Oh, for God's sake! Stop it! Stop it!" and shook her gently.

Her arms were around him now, her fragrant mouth was pressed against his own, he breathed the fragrance of her shining hair, the flowery smell of her seductive loveliness, her voluptuous form bent back and yielded to his embrace, and he was lost.

"Get off them clothes," he panted thickly, made ungrammatical by passion, "because we're — we're — oh, damn it — how are we going to manage these wings?"



CYCLE

BY FRANCES FROST

THE drunken hornet at the hanging pear,
 The locust ravenous for leaf and grain,
 The spider feeding cables to the air
 That he may drink an octagon of rain
 And glut himself upon a foolish fly:
 These form the endless image, and no man
 Has yet escaped the hunger or the cry
 Of victory. Although his thought may span
 Gulfs greater than enormous space between
 Blue weed and maple twig, man's age-unseated
 Imperial mind is yet compelled to lean
 To the warrior-ant's desire; his foe defeated
 And utterly consumed, the valorous
 Begins again to build on wilderness.

NO PARKING

BY FLETCHER PRATT

THE reason for traffic congestion in America is a very simple one. The 23,000,000 car owners of the Republic have taken over its streets and highways (a total territory larger than the state of South Carolina) as a permanent possession. They have not, however, commandeered this huge territory for the purposes of transportation for which it was originally designed. They have seized it, and are today using it, as restaurant, bedroom, business office, and bordello. Twenty-four hours a day these 23,000,000 drivers pre-empt space along what are euphemistically known as *public* highways — parking, parking, parking, for one hour, two hours, all night, a week, a month, as long as it suits them — to the end that it has become impossible for traffic to flow freely through any major thoroughfare in the United States.

Nor can the small towns afford to be critical about the big cities' record in the matter. The difference between the one street of Neu Pfalz, Pennsylvania, and the hundreds of New York City, is not of number, but of degree; it is almost as difficult to maneuver through one as to back

and fill through the other. For every truck, a tin-can tourist and his trailer; for every shopping matron, a shopping farmer; for every store-to-store salesman of packaged aspirin, a house-to-house salesman of runless stockings. And despite the thousands of No Parking signs erected at almost every curb in the country, there will be found in the prohibited spaces, any hour in the day, any day in the year, a solid line of passenger cars parked wheel to wheel, while at the end of the line stands a monster truck with its tail-gate to the curb, unloading bags of coal. It is highly doubtful whether the bulk of car owners ever read the signs beside which they park; or perhaps the signs are not intended to be read — being only a kind of legal joke, a formal obeisance in the direction of a humanly unenforceable regulation.

The attitude of the average car-owner is that, having attained the blessed degree of prosperity at which he can afford \$50 for a second-hand sedan and another \$10 for license plates, he has thereby purchased from the State a squatter's right to the possession of a certain section of road-room, which may be that over

which he is flying at exhilarating speed or that where the dilapidated machine awaits his commands. He is incensed at any attempt to interfere with his personal liberty in this respect; he (or more frequently, she) has been known to bawl out the traffic cop because affairs are so ill-regulated in a particular town that he cannot find a place to park within less than a three-block walk of the movies. If it be hinted to him that the streets are intended for traffic rather than storage, he becomes more indignant, pointing out that he helps pay for those streets in gasoline taxes and license fees, and therefore they belong to him.

But do they? Is his right to occupy a portion of the highway any more legal than his right to move in on Dr. Roosevelt, and announce that he is spending a few months in the East Room because his taxes help pay for the upkeep of the White House? The answer, obviously, is no. It would appear that the tin-can motorist's only juridical right to the use of the streets is for the purpose for which they were constructed — traffic. The case, however, is not merely juridical; it has always been exceedingly difficult to dislodge the squatter in America without arousing loud yowls about interference with personal liberty. In the matter of highways, the situation has been further aggravated by the growth of a large body of special interests supporting him in his usurpation, while the

development of the legitimate passenger in the street into the road-hog has been so gradual that at no point has it been possible to object.

The fact is that the whole American system of traffic and parking regulation dates back to horse-and-buggy days. There have been various attempts to bring the system up to date by patching, in the same spirit as trying to make a medieval castle habitable by installing electric lights, until finally it has become apparent, even to the admirers of the old structure, that about the only thing worth doing is to tear down the whole edifice and build a new one. In the present case, this means one thing, and one only — abolish all parking in the streets.

II

Abolition has been tried, on a limited scale and for a limited time, and it has worked. In 1929, congestion in the New York theater district reached such proportions that the amusement men, who found their business endangered by the inability of customers to get to shows, appealed to the impeccable Grover Whalen, then Police Commissioner. The Commissioner called for a survey, and his traffic experts promptly reported that the congestion was the result of parking.

Now Mr. Whalen realized that any attempt to abolish the evil by ordinary methods would be fought

by groups well supplied with money, political influence, and legal talent. Therefore he called in the newspaper reporters, made public his traffic report, delivered a fiery oration on overcrowded streets, and announced that henceforth all parking in the theater district during theater hours was abolished. A week later the order went into effect; Mr. Whalen, resplendent in cutaway and silk hat, arrived in Times Square with a trumpeter and cameramen, inspected the empty streets, and personally ordered a police wrecking-car to tow to the police garage the automobile of an unfortunate salesman from Queens, who was the first to violate the new order by parking his machine in Forty-fifth Street. The performance was such a good show and created so many headlines that protest was struck dumb. Moreover, even enemies of the new plan had to admit that it worked. Traffic whirled through the theater district; nobody was late for a show and nobody failed to get away on time. But the subsequent history of the Whalen plan illustrates the difficulty inherent in any half-measure.

While Mr. Whalen was in office, there was no change; yet the moment he resigned the restaurateurs and night-club owners launched a drive against what they termed legal interference with their business, claiming that people would not visit their places unless cars could be parked outside. The protestants have thus

far succeeded in reducing the original ban, which extended from 7:45 to 11:15 P.M., into two periods, 8:00 to 9:00 and 10:00 to 11:00; in narrowing the area from which the squatters are barred, and in eliminating the effective method of towing violators' cars to the police garage, where they were held until the owners paid \$5 automatic fines.

The importance of this incident is not so much in its proof of the usefulness of parking bans as in demonstrating the virtual impossibility of regulation, as opposed to complete abolition. Any effort to reduce privileges assumed by car owners is immediately countered by a special interest group. For example, several years ago there was a nation-wide movement to require trucks making city deliveries in the daytime to discharge from the side, instead of backing to the curb and thus blocking two lanes of traffic as effectively as though a house had fallen across the thoroughfare. But the truckers, especially those dealing in coal, objected fiercely; it would render their equipment obsolete, they said. In all but a few Western cities, the objectors met with success. Nevertheless, there was enough interest on the other side to carry the matter to the legislatures in New York, Missouri, Wisconsin, and other states. There the move encountered the same opposition as before, now reinforced by truck manufacturers, who complained that they would lose thousands of dollars

in altering trucks already on the market. The net result was one more complication in traffic — the “loading zone” adopted by many cities, where trucks must load or deliver from the side.

This regulation, of course, reduces the whole matter to absurdity unless there happens to be a cop standing in every zone; trucks without side-discharge equipment back in gaily, taking a chance on unloading before the gendarme appears; or perhaps the driver picks up the sign admonishing him to deliver from the side and carries it down the street, where it won’t get anybody into trouble.

III

The overwhelming proportion of traffic congestion is caused by two classes of vehicles: trucks making deliveries and passenger cars used by office-workers and shoppers; and of these two classes the last is first by an enormous margin. The trucks come and go, like lumbering saurians, but the passenger cars come and squat. This is largely because the department stores have fought any parking restriction, on the double theory that all car-owners are prosperous folk and *ipso facto* good customers, and that unless people can park near stores they will not shop.

The first horn of this theory is demonstrably absurd; if any other proof were lacking, there is the fact that WPA and PWA administrators

in several cities have found difficulty in providing parking space for their supposedly impoverished Relief workers. But it is the second feature to which the stores have given inadequate attention. None of them has investigated the question beyond determining what should have been obvious without figures — that an increase in the count of passing traffic is paralleled by an increase in sales. Even were a converse case proved, there is nothing whatever to show the relation of parked cars to retail sales. In fact, there is good reason to believe that the merchants have been wrong all along, and that it is moving rather than stagnant traffic that produces profits. The New York theater owners suffered no slump in business when parking was abolished in their district, rather a considerable increase; and the latest graphic survey of the relation of traffic to retail sales, that by Paver and McClintock, contains a broad hint that parking hinders rather than helps trade.

The field research for these graphs was undertaken in three cities — Fresno, Indianapolis, and Atlanta — which, although different in most respects, share one common characteristic: stringent regulations against protracted parking in the center of town. The shopper or office-worker from the outskirts is thus compelled to find parking space outside the center. And it is exactly in these districts where the squatters have squatted that the number of sales touches

its nadir with relation to the number of cars. In other words, every car that passes a store means one sale (approximately); every four pedestrians account for another sale; but it takes nearly five parked cars to produce an equal result.

Another objection frequently offered to abolition of city parking is that an unwarranted hardship would be worked on suburbanites. But this assumption turns out, on examination, to be ninety-eight per cent wrong. Exactly ninety-eight per cent: the New York traffic squad recently made a compilation of the registrations of cars to whose owners summonses had been issued for overtime parking in the uptown business district, and found that of the 9300 summonses issued in the first six months of 1936, only two per cent went to registrations outside the city limits. Now in respect to trade from outlying communities, New York presents not a typical but an extreme case; it is the largest city in the country, surrounded by a ring of suburbs, suburbs ill-provided with stores and offices. There is more traffic from the suburbs to the city than anywhere else in America, and the proportion of store sales for suburban delivery is likewise greater. Logically, therefore, the streets of the New York business district should be jammed with parked cars from the suburbs. But actually, there are hardly any. The reason becomes apparent from an examination of garage and park-

ing-lot statistics, where the proportion of city and suburban cars is almost exactly reversed, the figures showing that something like seventy-five per cent of all machines entered for day storage hail from the suburbs.

This means that the suburban driver uses his machine for long-distance transportation, parks it where he knows it will be safe, and within the city either uses local transportation facilities or proceeds on foot. He is the type of car-owner to whom the department-store dogma about car-owners really applies; he can afford the fee the garages charge for parking, and comes to town prepared to pay it. The cars that clutter the streets belong to local residents.

There is another consideration frequently advanced against abolition of parking, namely, that there is physically no space to store cars but in the street. This is the weightiest of all arguments and the one best supported by facts. A survey conducted by the New York police over a period of months revealed an average of 40,000 cars parked in the business district during business hours. A survey of available space in garages and parking lots showed room for only 19,000 machines. Similar conditions prevail in other cities.

Leaving aside for the moment the question of how many of this surplus of cars ought to be in the streets at all, the situation is one almost impossible to improve. Virtually all

cities have zoning ordinances. Any proposition to establish a new garage brings out the "civics" in full strength, yowling that they want more garages, but somewhere else, not here. Result: no more garages. If improvement is made in this direction, it will probably have to come from municipal parking spaces.

IV

Every effort at parking moderation has broken down hopelessly. Attempts to limit parking to a shorter period than one hour always are wrecked by the opposition of merchants and restaurateurs. And even the one-hour period means, in practice, virtually unlimited parking, as it proves extremely difficult for an officer to present evidence that a parker has overstayed a one-hour halt. Moreover, a court fine appears to exercise no deterrent effect. The same squatter will repeat the infraction again; he regards the fact that he was caught as an accident. Thirty-four policemen of the New York traffic squad started out on January 1, 1936, to sweep traffic violators from the limited section surrounding the Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations. Within a few weeks of the opening of the campaign, it became common knowledge that it was underway, yet the number of violations discovered in the last month of a six-month period was greater (4000 against 3000) than in January. Of

these violations, more than half were for overtime parking, and another sixth for parking between signs.

In fact, during this six-month period, the effort at control actually lost ground, not only quantitatively, as evidenced by the increasing number of violations, but also qualitatively, with reference to securing convictions. At the beginning of the campaign, a car parked against a fire-plug was instantly tagged as a public menace of the highest order; but several squatters carried convictions to the courts and secured reversals on the ground that the summons had not been personally issued.

"What can you do?" complained a veteran police sergeant. "If they do get convicted, they draw a one- or two-dollar fine, and to catch them you have to keep an eight-dollar-a-day cop standing beside the car for maybe five hours. Then they come right back the next day."

Obviously, there is only one solution to America's foremost traffic problem: abolish all parking. If this is not done, the Republic may well reach the state predicted recently by an engineer, who got out his slide-rule and threw off a curve demonstrating that by 1956, the thoroughfares of America will be so jammed with parked cars that all mechanical movement will become impossible, and we shall progress along the streets only by hopping from car-top to car-top, like Eskimos over an ice-floe.

WHY YOU FEAR THE DENTIST

BY BISSELL B. PALMER

MAN is forever beset by numerous and goading fears that cumulatively make his life more complicated, restrict his normal activities, and constitute a never-failing source of chagrin and embarrassment. Some individuals have a horror of the dark; others dread the sensation produced by relative height. Deep water is a mental peril for thousands, while thunder-storms produce infinite terror in an equal number of otherwise rational persons. But the one hazard that appears to strike the most uncontrollable terror among civilized mankind is an amazingly common one, namely, fear of treatment by the dentist. Anticipation of a visit to the dental chair causes strong men to quail and quake, women to wince and wail, and children to cringe and cry. In its essence, the average individual's dental chair jitters provide one of the most interesting performances in the whole field of human behavior. What, then, causes this condition, and why is it so widespread?

Many superficial opinions have been expressed about dental fear, mostly by those who suffer from it. Psychoanalysts appear to have sadly

neglected the field, possibly because many of them are not immune themselves and humanly prefer not to ponder their own weaknesses. Dentists seem to have been so busy striving to overcome complications caused by the tremulousness of their patients that they have had little time to theorize on its causes. Hence, in attempting to understand and discuss this mental hazard, it would appear desirable to consider the problem from its negative aspects. If we determine what this fear is *not*, perhaps we can decide what it *is*.

Is dental fear due to cowardice? Many patients, when first meeting a dentist, introduce themselves with the ashamed acknowledgment: "Doctor, I'm an awful coward." In other words, by seeking an answer to their subjective reactions, they have struck upon cowardice as the natural explanation. Yet many facts can be presented to refute this conclusion. A few examples of patients who were in no sense cowards will serve to eliminate cowardice *per se* as the cause of dental fear.

Probably the classic instance of fright was exhibited by an internationally famous detective. This man

of heroic reputation had woefully neglected his teeth. Finally he suffered the inevitable toothache. After several sleepless nights, he visited a dentist who advised him that the tooth must be removed. He telephoned to a specialist for an appointment — and immediately fell into a state of emotional panic. On three successive days he cancelled the engagement — each time making a new one. Finally, in desperation, he actually went to the office. He sat in the reception room for a few minutes. Then he rushed into the secretary's office, snatched his hat and coat, and fled. "Just remembered another appointment," he spluttered. "Terribly important."

The next day, the pain being worse, he forced himself as far as the operating room. He sat in the dental chair, and, to gain time, started a psychic shadow-boxing contest. He asked scores of silly questions. Then he suddenly put his hand into a pocket, assumed an air of embarrassment, and said: "I'm sorry, Doctor, but I'll have to postpone this — I forgot to bring any money." He was told that he would be billed for the services. "No, I always pay cash to dentists," he said sternly. Again he jumped from the chair and fled.

Still another night of suffering dragged him back once more. He sat in the chair — a two-hundred-and-thirty-pound, six-foot specimen of manhood — his nerve destroyed by a combination of pain, loss of sleep, and

extreme embarrassment. He wept like a child. Between sobs he gasped: "I can't do it! But Doctor, I'm not a coward." Then followed his confession:

"This has been the most humiliating experience of a lifetime. I've been a detective for twenty years. In my work I have often tracked down desperate criminals. Doctor, I have gone into a dark room where I knew a killer was waiting with drawn gun. . . . Yet my teeth are rotten, because all my life I've been afraid to go to a dentist. Doctor, I'm not afraid of anything that lives — except a dentist. I just can't understand it."

This is a case that could be matched hundreds of times in every veteran dentist's experience. Famous aviators, war heroes, and deep-sea divers comprise a partial list of those who, although their deeds indicate a complete lack of fear of even death itself, have exhibited intense panic when placed in a dentist's chair. The complex simply cannot be explained away on the grounds of common cowardice.

Neither can dental fear be based on individual incapacity to stand physical suffering. In France during the World War, a sergeant of Marines was brought in with three superficially embedded fragments of shrapnel in his thigh. After many tedious hours, he inquired how much longer he would have to wait. When told that the delay was due to the limited

number of anesthetists, he insisted on going ahead without an anesthetic. The congestion of cases was so serious that one of the surgeons agreed to operate. The sergeant smoked cigarettes, kept very quiet, and, when the cutting was over, thanked the surgeon and asked: "How soon can I get back into the line again?" Certainly this man was neither a moral nor a physical coward, nor was he fearful of pain.

Yet during his convalescence, when a tooth became abscessed and he was ordered to have it extracted, he pleaded, protested, and procrastinated. Finally, a morning was set by military orders for what seemed to him to be a rendezvous with horror, and the hero "took a walk". This soldier, twice previously wounded, decorated for bravery on the battlefield, and having a service record without a blemish, went A.W.O.L. rather than subject himself to a minor dental operation. When subsequently picked up by the military police, he explained with humiliation that dental fear had driven him from the hospital in a panic. He, too, insisted that he feared nothing in life but a dentist.

Many women patients frankly declare that they would much rather endure the pangs of childbirth than the mental stress of having a tooth removed. In view of the well-known fact that modern developments in anesthesia and dental surgical technique now make the removal of teeth

painless in performance as well as in promise, specialists often ask such patients: "Why do you feel this way?" The answer is invariably: "I don't know — there's *just something* about having a tooth extracted. I dread it."

In an effort to analyze this fear, many patients have been quizzed by their dentists. Questions such as the following have been asked: "Do you fear actual pain?" "Do you fear anticipated pain?" "Do you fear unexpected pain?" "Do you fear the sound or vibration of dental instruments?" "What *do* you fear in dental ministrations?" The answers have been so varied, so vague, that one is forced to the conclusion that the cause of dental fear in general cannot be reduced to a simple formula.

II

In the absence of any other convincing explanation, thought must be given to the possibility that the human race suffers inherently — perhaps protectively — from dental fear. To prepare one's mind for the consideration of such a theory, it is only necessary to view in retrospect man's dental experiences. From prehistoric times there have been various accidental injuries to teeth. Falls and our ancestors' hand-to-hand conflicts with spears and war clubs often split off large sections of teeth, exposing the pulsating "nerves" (sorry to make you wince). Skulls of prehistoric

man provide ample evidence of the existence of dental disease and the anguish it caused. Mummies from early Egypt show not only that pyorrhea and decay of teeth were prevalent then, but also that crude tooth-fillings and bridgework were inserted under conditions which must have pulled the last strings of neural agony.

The fact that our ancestors not only suffered but also observed the tortured expressions on the faces of others who were enduring dental pain, and heard their groans and outcries, must have left a deep psychic impression. The painful nature of the early methods of dentistry — generally of the medicine-man variety — also contributed to the fear build-up. For instance, it is a fact that at one time, a common method of “killing a nerve” was to place a sharpened hardwood stick in the cavity of the tooth and strike it with a mallet or a hammer.

All these background circumstances strongly suggest a plausible and important conclusion: That man is preyed upon by a dental-fear complex growing out of a racial memory of intense, prolonged, and unalleviated dental agony. If to these influences is added the contemporary foreground of aching teeth, both experienced and talked about, the picture of man's reluctance to submit to dental procedures becomes clearer.

Another factor that no doubt

sharpens fear is that the roots of a tooth are imbedded in bone — bone of a jaw. Consequently, each manual disturbance or vibration of the teeth is transmitted to these bones and, by conduction, directly to the skull surrounding the brain. This seems to produce a distinctly disturbing psychological effect, especially in patients of impressionable temperament. Sounds emanating from dental procedures, owing to the proximity of the organs of hearing, become amplified and cause the fear complex of many patients to become active, even when no pain is involved. This mental condition strongly indicates the important role of imagination and anticipated anguish in the production of dental fear. Also, the proximity of the organs of the other acute senses — sight, smell, and taste — may be a further contributing cause.

Some of those who have made a scientific study of man's fears seem to be convinced that, except in the unusual cases, these tendencies, unlike physical characteristics, are not hereditary. Whether such fears are actually inherited, however, or are fostered in children by their intimate association with, and observation of, those distressed with dental fear, the fact remains that this condition exists even in many extremely young children who have had no previous dental treatment.

What can be done to ameliorate this unfortunate affliction? Obviously,

the causes must be removed. This means that toothache must be eliminated from man's collection of unhappy experiences. This can be accomplished only by intensive education of the public in the importance of preventing the inception of dental decay, the disease that produces cavities. Dental research, although seriously handicapped by lack of adequate financial support, has made not only definite progress in the hunt for causes of decay, but also remarkable strides in providing means to make dental service reasonably comfortable for the patient. Although of course it cannot be made an enjoyable way to spend the hour before luncheon, it is possible these days to perform dental service with the minimum of discomfort. The modern dentist, while he is operating, usually

employs one of several effective methods to prevent or alleviate pain.

With the public educated to avoid toothaches by taking such precautions in diet and hygiene as science now prescribes, and with dentists prepared to perform pain-free dentistry when their services become necessary, the principal underlying causes of dental fear will be eliminated. It must be remembered, however, that the existing condition is the result of centuries of opposite forces, and that it may take more than a few generations to eliminate the complex entirely. Even centuries from now, probably an occasional neurotic though otherwise normally courageous individual will continue to fear dentists because his remote grand-sires' toothaches—or the primitive treatment of them—"hurt like hell".



THE WELL

BY RAYMOND HOLDEN

PLANK by weather-silvered plank
Remove the housing from this well,
But do not drink. Have me to thank
That I told what I could tell.

This is poison, lying black
In columned silver in my breast.
Let the cold earth drink it back.
Never taste it. Thirst is best.

WOMEN OF SUBURBIA

BY RUTH PURDY

I. Wives

THE train came in
And the army of cheap, shiny sedans
Quivered into life like an ant heap.
In each a woman,
With the same dieted figure, Fourteenth Street clothes,
Corrugated hair, plucked eyebrows, crimson finger-tips,
Restless brain and empty soul as her neighbor,
Slipped out from under the driver's wheel
Reluctantly
And became a wife again.

II. Clubwoman

Her mien was stately, like an oldtime barkentine;
She tacked, rather than walked.
Her contour was busts, buttons, and buttocks.
Her dress was a Stylish Stout, \$29.75.
She wore a toque covered with violets
Which jutted out from the top of her head
As her chin jutted out from the bottom.
She had avid eyes and a sweet mouth
Full of false flattery and parliamentary quibbles,
For she was something to all women
But no longer anything to any man.

III. Fat Woman

A baby buried in 200 pounds of indulgence.
Pink cheeks and a dimpled chin, but puzzled eyes.
Life cheated her;
She went to bed one night a slim, pretty girl
And woke up fat.

All day she sits in a rocking chair
Dreaming of whipped cream, hot buttered toast,
And waffles swimming in syrup,
But when she looks upon a raw carrot
She gags.

IV. Wife of a Failure

Every day she recites his saga of failure.
He even made a mistake in choosing his parents,
He was born in the wrong town,
Went to the wrong school,
Everything — but marry the wrong woman.
He should have given up his job before they fired him,
Got a boss that liked him,
Had his money in the bank that didn't fail.
Her voice drones on, now rising with anger, now falling with weariness.
While he sits at a table with deaf ears, eating and eating.
He *can* do that.

V. Member of a Garden Club

She's of no common clay —
Cooking meals, rearing children, meeting the 6.17.
No, the gardener is her husband, tulip bulbs her children, the flower-show
her home,
Mulch and peat moss her food, rock garden her final resting place.
She sits gelid amid talk of life, death or politics,
But bursts into flame when someone mentions delphiniums.
Moons wax and wane, floods rise, mountains fall —
She sits and plans where to plant the new hybrid begonias.
She's of no common clay.
She looks at you with her head on one side, considering
Whether to put you in a flower arrangement
With two freesias, one grape hyacinth, and some baby's-breath
In a Louis Quinze vase,
Or drop you in a nicotine solution with the other rose bugs.



THE COMEDY OF REPEAL

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

WHEN the great Hypocritical Experiment was finally relegated to the scrap heap of medieval bigotries, it was reasonable to expect that the whole business of making angels by legal enactment would be permanently forgotten. The evidence was certainly sufficient to show that the alcoholic content of the individual gizzard was not a proper subject for statutory regulation. But no such conclusions have yet penetrated the ponderous convolutions of the law-making brain. Consequently, the same preposterous moral notions that begat the sociological delirium tremens known as the Volstead Act are to be seen in the post-Repeal legislation of almost every state. The only difference is that in the first case the stupidity was nation-wide and uniform; while under the forty-eight conflicting statutes now prevailing, there is no end of variation in legal imbecility.

Subject to inane local limitations, forty-two states may be broadly classified as Wet. But the truth is that less than a dozen of them have returned to any measure of sanity on the liquor question. Although the other thirty commonwealths have restored

spiritus frumenti to a status of begrudging legality, the sumptuary doctrines of the W.C.T.U. and the Anti-Saloon League motivate every statute; and the result is a crazy-quilt of indulgences, negations, permissions, and penalties that makes the era of ax-swinging Prohis a philosopher's Utopia in comparison.

The Volstead Act contented itself with imposing fancy penalties on the few bungling distillers and jobbers who were caught: the independent drinker was never questioned. But many of the new enactments are designed to bring the personal habits of the consumer under the direct paternalistic surveillance of the state. One of the declared purposes of the Pennsylvania law is "to regulate and restrain . . . the use of certain alcoholic beverages"; and West Virginia pledges its "police power" to the *temperate use* of the same lawful commodity. As if to make each citizen a Carrie Nation of his bailiwick, Montana directs that no person shall permit drunkenness on any premises of which he is occupant or *owner*. Evidently, the proprietor of an apartment house must police his tenants.

In Wisconsin, and several other

preserves of legal sagacity, the wife or other relative of an immoderate drinker, or the mayor or chief of police of the town, may "forbid all persons knowingly to sell or give away to such person any intoxicating liquor for the space of one year". The interdiction may be repeatedly renewed thereafter, presumably for life. Fortunately, since the statute does not authorize branding on the forehead, such legally constituted lepers will probably manage to refresh their sores in neighboring hamlets.

According to the legal wisdom of Vermont, any person who is "convicted of the crime of being found intoxicated" may be brought before a magistrate and compelled, under the threat of a suspended sentence, to sign a teetotaler's pledge for a fixed period, during which his earnings are collected by a probation officer. Upon proof that the culprit has maintained his bargain with the law, he receives his accumulated wealth and is restored to the society of the holy. In Idaho, the right to drink may be suspended upon proof of drunkenness "or simulation of drunkenness". Under the Utah rules, a strict water cure may be imposed "for any cause" which the Liquor Commission "deems sufficient, with or without notice". Montana provides that legally acquired rum "may be kept, had, given, and consumed *only* in the residence" of the permit-holder. Consequently, when a citizen who is entertaining a neighbor runs

short of refreshments, no guest may replenish the supply through his own permit, unless the whole party is moved to his house.

Such absurdities are humiliating enough to warrant some sighs for the grand old days of private stills and fusel oil, when a self-respecting individual could retire into a speak-easy and toss off one or two for what ailed him, without benefit of law.

Perhaps it would be extravagant to maintain that legislators have deliberately attempted to gratify such nostalgic longings. Yet it is certain that the effect of some statutes is to foster the hugger-mugger sneakiness of the speakeasy. In Arkansas, for instance, alcoholic beverages, regardless of strength, can be bought only in sealed bottles; and it is also a misdemeanor for any purchaser to uncork such a container for use in any passenger coach, highway, inn, waiting room, or any other public place. West Virginia has similar limitations, with a further caveat against taking a drink, or offering one to a friend, in a commercial garage or an alley. It begins to appear that the only proper place for a man to quench his thirst and drown his disgust for the laws of his state, is in a convenient latrine.

The Vermont statute carefully prescribes how and where liquor may be sold. But it also ordains, in effect, that the dealers' addresses shall remain as secret as ever. No billboard may lead a thirsty traveler

to the nearest dispensary; and no liquor vendor may display a barrel or other container that might suggest his occupation. In Maine, it is against the law for any seller of beer, wine, or spirits to announce his business by means of an exterior sign or loudspeaker equipment. Evidently, the only way for an uninitiated stranger to locate a thoroughly legitimate swig, in the states mentioned, is by using his nose as a divining rod. In Missouri it has been decided that no advertisement shall show a person in the nefarious act of holding a whisky bottle in his hand; and it is equally unlawful for any licensed dealer to display a bottle of liquor so that it can be seen from the street. Similar laws are in force in Wyoming; while in West Virginia it is unlawful to depict anybody in the act of drinking. The same legal determination to promote temperance through a conspiracy of ignorance is shown by a departmental regulation in Idaho, which prohibits the advertisement of a recipe for any mixed alcoholic beverage, thus legally establishing the fact that a shot of pure Rye is not so wet as a dry Martini.

In several jurisdictions, an additional set of legislative casuistries are imposed for the special guidance of the womenfolk. To be sure, one of the many antithetical consequences of Prohibition was that the respectable feminine pantofle took its place on the brass rail beside the masculine oxford. Whether this peculiar shift

in the social *mores* was for better or for worse naturally depends on the lady, as well as the brand and frequency of her libations. But the fact should be glaring proof of the impossibility of promulgating etiquette by legal enactment. Nevertheless, the pet obsession of legislators is the concoction of the most elaborate phraseologies intended to send the women back to the kitchens. Thus in Massachusetts, no woman may be served with liquor at a tavern. If she insists on wetting her whistle at a hotel or restaurant, she must be seated at a table or a counter. Similar provisions prevail by local option in about fifty New Jersey communities. Presumably, one cocktail dispatched while standing is more deleterious to the feminine constitution than a dozen taken in a sitting position.

Connecticut deems it demoralizing for a woman even to work in a tavern, though nothing stronger than beer can be legally served, and this without music or dancing. But under an exception in the statute, the proprietor of the place may ruin the virtue of his family by employing his own wife and daughter.

II

Although, as we have seen, the average lawgiver is a gargantuan swallower of blind pigs; he strains and gags in legal dudgeon at the comparatively tame tippling houses of the pre-Volstead era. So he attempts

to exorcise such things out of existence through an elaborate series of rhetorical incantations. Thus, in such dripping wet states as Wisconsin and Illinois, the old-time saloon is back in all its ancient trappings. But the fact is denied by special enactment: the law specifically directs that the word *saloon* shall not be written anywhere near one. The euphemistic term is *tavern*, even in states where the degree of wickedness would be better described by *beer shoppe*. California extends the anathema to such profanities as *cocktail lounge*, and *cocktail bar*, but there is no objection to modest signs, not exceeding 720 square inches, containing such obscure terms as *beer*, *wine*, and *liquor*. Oregon prohibits every one of the alcoholic words mentioned, and throws in *ale* to prevent misunderstanding.

Many states hope to eliminate the saloon by depriving it of its essential or incidental attributes. Thus, Florida has a special statutory aversion to swinging doors. In Michigan and Ohio, no liquor may be passed over a bar. New Hampshire ordains that bars shall not be used as fixtures at any place where liquor is sold. By banning the ancient custom of drinks on the house, Arizona compels the bartender to treat only at the customer's expense. The District of Columbia forbids the sale of liquor on credit. In New Jersey, saloonkeepers are ordered not to "permit or suffer the sale or distribution of any

contraceptive". South Dakota enjoins all drinking establishments from using glazed windows or curtained doors. Similar provisions against the "obstruction of the interior view" prevail in several other states. So that, besides inducing purification through airing and sunning, the law suggests that if the citizen cannot refrain from entering a naughty place licensed by statute, he should be shamed by the shocked gaze of the holier passerby. Intending to banish the oldtime free lunch, Iowa, Maryland, and Ohio allow no unpaid solids to accompany any legalized liquid, except pretzels, cheese, and popcorn. Since alcohol taken with food is absorbed more slowly into the circulatory system, the only effect of such provisions is to dispatch the drinker into the inebriate state more speedily.

Doubting the efficacy of these different forms of internal fumigation, some learned lawmakers are determined to uplift the saloon from cellar to ceiling, by compelling it to live under the same roof with other institutions of unquestioned respectability. Accordingly, as many as fifteen states prescribe varying rules under which hard liquor, and sometimes beer and wine only, may be sold by the drink in such decent places as hotels, restaurants, and *bona fide* clubs or lodges. Under some statutes these restrictions have no other purpose than to require that barkeeps shall be employed exclu-

sively by innkeepers or restaurateurs. In other instances, however, the intention is that drinking shall take place only where meals are served. But since in the course of alimentary events, an honest thirst may overtake a man without an accompanying temptation to dine, the legal cleverness often leads to some equally subtle evasions. When such a provision was being strictly enforced in California, every quondam speakeasy attempted to qualify as a café, and the humble sandwich became the great icon of post-Repeal conviviality. The bartender obsequiously brought out the same hardened and moldy image time after time. The customer paid for it without touching it, made the usual hoisting sign, and gave way to the next worshipful pilgrim.

The appearance of such pagan shrines naturally filled the legislative bodies with Christian apprehensions, which in turn gave rise to more definitions and limitations. Thus Colorado insists, with several other states, that alcoholic potions cannot be consumed anywhere except "in the room or rooms where meals are served, at tables or lunch counters with stools securely fastened to the floor". Illinois and Florida further require that nobody shall be provided with a drink while standing. But the spirit of the law is again dodged by a picturesque compliance with the letter. When the guests exceed the supply of available seats,

the surplus customers engage in a jack-in-the-box comedy of sitting to drink, and rising in courtesy to the next man: a solitary extra chair groans under a staggering succession of law-abiding posteriors.

Intending to stop such equivocations forever, Maine restricts all alcoholic sales to "food hours", but fails to fix the time by the clock. The final word on the subject comes, however, from Kentucky, where it is ordained that the daily receipts of any eating house for meals shall be equal to its liquor returns. I suspect, however, that the provision will not be easily enforced without some kind of gastrometer that flashes a red light or rings a bell, to indicate when the customers must cease imbibing and begin to gorge.

An even further emasculation of the old-time barroom is legally insisted upon in he-man Texas and aristocratic Virginia, where no restaurant can sell anything stronger than wine. Utah goes at least ten per cent lower by limiting them to beer. In these states, the distilled liquors must be purchased by the bottle. The assumption is that by ponderous legal enactment the schnapps-loving American can be denationalized into a French wineskin or a Bavarian beer-tank. *De gustibus non est disputandum* is just so much Latin to the average state assemblyman. Nevertheless, it should be plain that if a whisky-minded customer craves no more than a solitary eye-opener, and

the law insists that he own a pint, the cause of temperance is the loser by several swallows. If he be an habitual soak, he is likely to persevere toward his alcoholic Nirvana, whether the chosen viaticum is the imp in a sealed package, or the more leisurely *voiture* of wine in bulk.

III

It must be plain, from the foregoing review, that according to the social policy of most of the states usually called Wet, the legalization of liquor is not the same as legitimation; and that the only effect of Repeal has been to place an article formerly contraband in the bastard category of things legally allowed but morally reprehensible. As if the paradox were not sufficiently preposterous as stated, it is rendered even more incongruous by the fact that every statute contains a revenue-raising clause, whereby the supposed vice is made to serve a public benefit. The tax rate varies from ten cents on each pint of beer in South Carolina, to sixty cents a gallon on distilled spirits in Louisiana. In every other Wet state the combined national and local imposts are high enough to make bootlegging a profitable major industry. Federal agents in Chicago recently estimated that fully one-third of the liquor consumed in the Republic is moonshine.

It must be admitted that such returns from Demon Rum are invari-

ably diverted into eminently virtuous channels. In Indiana, one-third of the license revenues are used for the maintenance of public schools; New York transfers \$500,000 to the support of retired policemen; Massachusetts uses one-half for old age pensions; while Arizona devotes ninety-six per cent to Relief. But the fact that these are all laudable purposes adds very little logic to the doctrine of alcohol as a legalized iniquity. For, since the heaviest drinker pays the most taxes, it seems to follow that a stiff liquor bill is the best evidence of civic worth; that the old soak is a humanitarian, and that the teetotaler is *ipso facto* a shirker of his altruistic obligations.

Unfortunately the Volstead ideology is still too prevalent in the great majority of states to justify any hope for the early return to legal realism on the liquor question. The safer prediction is that the legislative caprioles on the subject will continue to increase. It is equally certain, however, that most enactments will have very little effect on the daily behavior of the citizenry. A fact plainly proved by Prohibition is that convivality, as the word itself denotes, is a pre-eminently gregarious impulse, and that men and women would rather be sociable than simply law-abiding. Will the nit-wits in our legislative halls never learn that the private moral behavior of the Americano cannot be controlled by statutory coercion?

THE MOVIE HERO

A Story

BY JOEL SAYRE

AN ASSISTANT press agent once calculated that among the two billion odd of this earth's inhabitants, more can identify James Madison than can tell you offhand who Adam and Eve were. He meant the movie star, of course, not the fourth President of the United States.

Did you happen to catch any of your dear ones with a copy of this month's *Junior Screen Snuggles*? On its cover you will find that profile, flawless yet manly, familiar almost as the Indian's on the Buffalo nickel, and underneath in a two-tone streamer: JAMES MADISON'S YELLOW STREAK, and on page 30 you may listen to Miss Felicity Hobbins:

Kiddos, kidlets, kiddies! Speshully all my readers named Buster, Sunny, Junior, or Buddy! Can't you look the fellows in the eye? Is there anybody in the gang you're askeered of? Somebody pickin' on you, hmm? Well, DON'T WORRY! When he was a young 'un, James Madison, the screen's most two-fisted, jaw-bustin', dashin', crashin' he-man was just like YOU! Can't believe it? Honest Injun he was, nothing but a cowardly cootie, a great big SISSY! But he got over it.

He THRASHED THAT BULLY!! Here is how. . . .

The piece then goes into a modern version of *The Rover Boys at Putnam Hall* with special effects by the ghost of James Whitcomb Riley, and consists mostly of long quotations from the protagonist. But Jim Madison, I happen to know, never uttered a word of those quotations—because Miss Felicity Hobbins never interviewed him. Technically, Miss Felicity Hobbins never interviewed anybody, because she just occurred one afternoon to the editor of *Junior Screen Snuggles* as a kind of cute name, and her stuff is put out by a Swede rewrite man on the *Chicago Morning Express's* late trick, one Butch Thalholmer, who can't do his best without a big chew in his left cheek.

Picture stars make large money, but I do not think they are overpaid; for in addition to their regular publicity they also have to stand for Butch's vignettes. Whenever the decent ones protest, everybody is quick to tell them it is only the price of fame. Completely ducking the

press *à la* Garbo gets them nowhere either. All that the Butches of this world need is the correct spelling of the first and last names. There is nothing to prevent Butch from writing a piece tomorrow called *Which Of The Quints Will Al Capone Marry?* with full direct quotes from Al and all five kiddos, kidlets, kiddies; nor is there anything to prevent the editor of *Junior Screen Snuggles* from printing it.

But isn't it funny that in some idiotically accidental way this particular Butch should have galumphed into the essential course of Jim Madison's childhood? The facts are all wrong, of course, wrong as can be; and the omissions are almost as bad as the perpetrations. There is nothing, for instance, about the running away from home to assist the official pickpocket of a two-ring circus. There is nothing of his travels through Latin America as top-mounter in a troupe of acrobats that played the ten-a-day from Chihuahua to Patagonia and back. Nor is there a word on his really brilliant vaudeville career as creator of the waltz clog on stilts.

And he never thrashed a bully. (Did anybody ever in real life, by the way?) He never had to, once he found himself. But he was lost and he did find himself. That was one place where Butch stumbled on to something. Moreover, the true story of Jim Madison's childhood, up to a certain point, is as sentimental as

Butch's version, as studded with copybook maxims, as appropriate to the early struggles of a future celluloid hero. It's not my fault: I'm only trying to straighten out the facts.

Well, as *Junior Screen Snuggles* would say, here is how.

II

Miss Butler told us to get our readers out and *please*, not to slam the desk lids. Young and pretty as she was, I realize now that life had been hard on Miss Butler. Around 1903 the incident of the birth rate on Columbus's lower East Side took such a queer turn that by the Fall of 1914, the sixth grade at Douglas School consisted of nothing but boys. Including Moxie Roberts.

Moxie, his baptismal name, was a sixteen-year-old colored boy who had just completed his first decade at Douglas, having entered before Miss Butler put her hair up. In fact, Miss Butler was in the sixth grade when Moxie was in the first, and she had had time to go through high school, finish normal college, and come back to be Moxie's teacher.

Those lessons in *Carswell's Reader By Grades, Book VI*, were a gross waste of taxpayers' money as far as Miss Butler's room was concerned, for every boy in it except Moxie, and he had life to draw on, had been through that syllabus of required reading which began with the *Merriwell* series, advanced to the doings

and sayings of *Nick Carter*, and finished with the advertisements in the *Police Gazette*. A boy who had mastered those advertisements didn't need to practice reading in *Carswell's Reader By Grades, Book VI*, or in anybody's reader by grades, book anything.

But we all, I think even Miss Butler, looked on this reading period as a convenient opportunity for the pre-recess siesta, and keeping awake only enough to take up where the last boy left off was no more than mildly annoying. The story we were reading the day I am speaking of, a beautiful day towards the end of April, was something about a farmer and his cows; so it wasn't long before most of us were in a state of tranquil catalepsy. From away off some boy's voice was gently mooing away about this farmer and his cows, when there came a rap on the door and Old Biddy McWhorter, the Principal, stuck her head in. Instantly everybody sat up, even Moxie Roberts, and the boy who was reading put his lights and liver into his voice.

Everybody in Douglas School, teachers, janitors, everybody, acted that way at the first flash of Old Biddy's nose glasses. She was a stumpy woman with white hair, a red face, and the coldest pair of blue eyes this side of a General Court-martial. On duty she never took off her brown pound-cake of a hat; the little gold watch always hung from the *fleur-de-lis* holder pinned to her

shirtwaist over her heart; and she was generally tapping a foot and fingering the big bunch of keys on a hook of her blue patent leather belt.

She pulled her head back, opened the door, and a tall old lady who looked almost as fierce sailed in. I had seen her somewhere, but for the moment I couldn't place her. They walked over to Miss Butler, who had risen. Then they started to talk in an undertone from which we couldn't catch anything save an occasional word. At a quick handflip from Biddy, the boy who had been reading aloud stopped.

But it was the boy who had entered after Biddy and the fierce old lady that held us all bug-eyed. It wasn't that he was slight and long-eyelashed and neatly made and had curly, carefully-parted hair instead of the conventional rat's nest. Nor was it because he was wearing a Buster Brown collar and what went with it down to the white duck pants. We did think it odd that he should be coming to school, to Douglas School, dressed like that. However, this was the hated livery of Miss Baldwin's Dancing Academy, and many of us, dressed like that exactly, had to go to Miss Baldwin's every Friday night. So these garments were no novelty and really no disgrace. (Boys who had to wear them on Friday night were known to have appeared on Monday morning in Judge Black's Juvenile Court charged with

breaking and entering.) What did startle us so enormously was the object this boy was holding in one hand as he inspected us in the friendliest manner imaginable. It was a derby hat.

I heard my name murmured and tore my eyes away to look at the women. Biddy and the fierce old lady were nodding towards me. In a flash I realized who she and the boy were.

"You are getting a new little chum," my mother had told me at breakfast a few days before.

A new little chum. I stared at my fried eggs. We were always uncomfortable, sometimes in agony, when she tried to talk on our plane. She meant only the best, my lovely mother, but invariably she got the words wrong. "I hear So-and-So kicked a wonderful home run yesterday," she would say; or, "They tell me you are the best forwards passer on the basketball nine." (A Freudian would claim that was why I later married a lady sports writer.)

"Yes," rumbled my father from behind the *Ohio State Journal*, "a little Bostonian."

A little Bostonian. I had never seen any little Bostonians in the flesh, but I felt I knew all about them from the Little Johnny Bostonbeans pictures with the jokes underneath that had once appeared in a comic magazine we subscribed to. Furthermore, I would guarantee to look after all the little Bostonians in or out of Boston

with my right arm in a splint. . . .

"His grandmother's heartbroken there's no private school here," my mother said as I slid off my chair to go to school. "Of course, I sympathize with her completely." The last thing I heard was a doubtful grunt from behind the *Journal*. My father had done with formal education at nine and gone to work in a tannery.

. . . So this was Little Johnny Bostonbeans who had just moved next door. And this was his grandmother who was heartbroken there was no private school for him to go to. Biddy stepped forward and put her hand on Little Johnny Bostonbeans' shoulder.

"Boys," she said, "this is your new classmate, James Maddern."

"James Thornton Maddern, the Third," he corrected, smiling at her.

"James Thornton Maddern, the Third," she repeated to the assembly at large. You'd have thought he was graduating.

Thuuud. He threw his chin and his lips forward when he said it. The word came out in a slow, foreign way — *thuuud*. Central Ohio boys talked with a fast side-to-side twitching of the mouth corners and went into an *r* like a dental drill into a tooth. Doubtless the way we talked was funny to him, too, although this thought first crossed my mind just three seconds ago.

"We shall have to put a desk in for you," said Biddy. "Meantime, sit with that boy over there." She

pointed at me. I slid over and he came and sat down, laying the derby on the desk. He smelled of scented soap.

Miss Butler was merely trying to make things easy and please his grandmother, but calling on him to read turned out to be a tactical error. I showed him the place, and he took the book from me eagerly and stood up in the aisle.

Hawf an howah latah the fahmah chawnced to walk down the pawth and theah he sore the little cawf caught in the brambles, bleating piteously. . . .

If Biddy hadn't intervened, only God knows what would have happened, grandmother or no grandmother. Miss Butler herself was an explosive red in the face and biting her lower lip, not daring to raise her eyes from *Carswell's Reader By Grades, Book VI*.

"Very good," Biddy broke in with a glare around that promised slow flaying for anyone who so much as squeaked. She turned to the grandmother: "He reads extremely well." She turned back to the class: "Thank you, James, that will do. Let's see if any of the bad readers have improved. You, Vergil Bailey."

Vergil, a gloomy, left-handed boy who chewed snuff, floundered on with the little pastoral, and a few more of the *Police Gazette's* constant readers helped the farmer get the calf out of the brambles, until the bell rang for recess. Then we sprang

up and rushed forth, carrying James Thornton Maddern, III, with us before he had time to do more than snatch his derby. Once we were in the hall there was a vast roar of release, and we ran downstairs and into the yard whooping and pounding each other's backs. Dutch Bostelmann sprinted to the east fence and commenced to yell and beckon. "Listen," he said as we stooped around him, "wait till his ole lady goes, see? Wait till she goes."

Pretty soon she came out of the building and called to him. He was by himself in the middle of the yard with his derby on, running in a circle, going *chooka-chooka-chooka-chooka*, his forearms pistoning across his stomach, his fingers fanned out. He circled the track twice more, then drew up to her in a long skid. Her expression was angry as she fussed with his flowing bow tie. Finally she nodded good-by, he raised his derby, and she got into her electric and drove off. We walked over to him and gathered round, our arms on each other's shoulders. With no shyness whatever he smiled up at the overhanging faces. There was a long silence. Moxie broke it in the rapid, yodelling falsetto he often used.

"Say, kid, are you the kid that stole the kid that hit the kid, are you kid? Yes, kid."

Everybody laughed. We, because Moxie was Moxie; and he because it was new to him. Dutch was not to be outdone. "Listen, Cawfie," he

began. We nearly split. Cawfie nearly split too.

"Listen, Cawfie, jever see a cawf go down a pawth and take a bawth in a minute and a hawf?"

"Yays, keed," he answered in Moxie's voice, taking the edge off Dutch's laugh and rather turning it against him. There was another long silence.

"Say, boy, doan you like me?" Moxie seemed about to cry.

"Like you? Why, certainly I like you."

"Then gimme this yere hat for the Chollie Chapman contest," and Moxie lifted off the derby, put it on his own head, and waddled rapidly across the yard in imitation of the world's premier film comedian.

Everybody wished he'd thought of this himself, and it made us all a little angry at James Thornton Maddern, III. The Kroger Baking Company was sponsoring a Grand Fourth of July City-Wide Charlie Chaplin Impersonation Contest for Boys Sixteen or Under; and while the suit and shoes and the cane were not hard to come by, a man's cast-off derby that wobbled below your ears, and one that roosted just right on top of your head was at a premium. We gathered closer about him.

"Listen, Cawfie," said Dutch, "who are you for?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean who are you for? What team?"

"Oh, team? Why Hahvad."

It wasn't football season, but that was all we needed. You could be for Ohio State, Notre Dame, or the Carlisle Indians, but you couldn't be for Harvard. Particularly *Hahvad*.

"Sacks!" bellowed Dutch, grabbing him around the neck. "Pile on!"

"Sacks! Sacks! Sacks!"

The mob closed in as Dutch slipped a leg behind the boy who was to make bums out of Adam and Eve and toppled him over. His face twisted up when his head hit the gravel. But before that it was only amazed.

III

For awhile there was a curious battle of wills between old Mrs. Maddern and the major part of Douglas's male enrollment. Nearly every boy in Douglas was entered in the Chaplin contest and, naturally, they all needed derbies. When Cawfie turned up on his second day of school wearing another, Dutch Bostelmann had to give Monty Morgan a bloody nose before he could clear the title. Often thereafter, a derby would be torn to flinders while still warm in the sweat band.

Coming home hatless, Cawfie would tell his grandmother it had blown away. She would point out that Boston was a far windier city than Columbus and that none of his hats had ever blown away in Boston. "But this one blew away here," he would insist. He suggested going to

school without a hat, the weather being so warm. "Nonsense," she would say, "what if't should rain? A hat you'll have and a hat you'll wear." She kept taking him downtown to Lazarus's and buying him the derbies they carried especially for pinhead men. In the end he took to leaving in the morning by the kitchen and hiding his derby in the barn, then picking it up in the afternoon and wearing it into the house.

But as soon as the derby supply stopped, the sacking started again. When he would come home clawed and swollen, his clothes all ribbons, she could get no more out of him than she had been able to about the derbies. "I fell down," he would say and shrug. "I just fell down." Becoming suspicious, she complained to Bidly, and a teacher was posted on sentry duty in the school yard. But we sacked him off the premises. We made him fight a little kid from the third grade, and he dared not lick him. He even had to be licked by Hulda Bostelmann, Dutch's cross-eyed sister. Yet he did everything he could think of to please. He tried to drop his Boston accent and talk as we did, and in class he faked stupidity; but he fooled no one and he pleased no one.

Out of sheer boredom we finally came to leave him in peace. Occasionally I would notice him walking up and down near the girls' yard, away from all the others, whispering rapidly to himself and smiling from

time to time in secret, playing some lone game. Directly he saw he was being watched, he would stop and lean over the fence, pretending to stare at something up the street.

One hot morning about a week after school was over, Moxie and Dutch and Verge Bailey and I were walking down East Walnut, the alley back of Cawfie's house and mine, when we saw him sitting in the door of his hayloft with his legs dangling. Dutch had an old grapefruit he had found somewhere and he was about to throw it at him, but Moxie noticed something and grabbed his arm.

"Why, hello there, white folks."

Cawfie didn't answer. I suppose he just couldn't believe it.

"What you eating up there, white folks?"

"Crullers," he said shyly. "Want some?"

He threw down the one he had been about to eat. Moxie leaped above our upstretched hands and fielded it cleverly. He snapped at it, rolling his eyes and rubbing his stomach.

"Oh, my," he yodelled. "How delicious. How perfectly delicious. Thank you, white folks, thank you."

"Hey, Cawfie, how about some more?" Dutch said.

"That's all I got, but I can get some. Wait a minute."

Dutch liked the crullers so much he gave Cawfie the old grapefruit.

But I think he was happy, for after that we let him tag along with

us. We would eat the boxes of ZuZus, the breasts of cold chicken, the halves of pie and the macaroons he would steal from his grandmother's pantry and icebox; we would ride his wheel (Moxie could ride it backwards); and we made loud noises over the baseball equipment his father would send him every time he left town on a business trip: a real dollar-and-a-quarter ball, a Louisville Slugger bat, a catcher's mask that fitted Dutch, captain and catcher of our Summer team, the Rich Street Ramblers, as though it had been tailored for him.

Cawfie seemed happy to me, ecstatic compared to what he had been. There was no question of his happiness when Dutch hinted he might play right field part of our game with the Young Americans on the Fourth of July.

In 1915, the Fourth fell on a Sunday, but for me it was to begin the previous Friday night, the night I had to go to Miss Baldwin's Independence Cotillon and not only go there in Colonial costume but take Virginia Blodgett, who hated me nearly as much as I hated her. And on Saturday afternoon at the State Fair Grounds was to be held the City-Wide Chaplin Impersonation Contest for Boys Sixteen or Under.

IV

When you are twelve years old it is possible to sleep off a bad conscience, or it will disappear right after you

have been punished for whatever you know you did that warranted it; but until you have slept it off or until you have been punished, you are a little sick and very excited. You are excited and yet you do not share in any excitement those around you may be having. You see all their excitement and you understand it, but you are too busy forming pictures of how you will be closed in on. Besides, your excitement is a secret clutching at the inside of you; while theirs is open, public, coming out in laughter and arm-waving.

The boys at the cotillon that night put lighted firecrackers in the girls' slipper bags and threw them under their hoop skirts and dropped them in strings on the dance floor, and somebody tucked one under the knob of Georgie Clement's powdered wig; and it was all exciting. But it was not for me because I was only putting in the time there waiting for my father to phone and ask about Cawfie and tell me to come home as fast as I could come.

I knew one of two things had happened to Cawfie: either he was now dying of brain fever or he was gone. When I saw the colored maid go up to Miss Baldwin and say something to her, I knew it was my father on the phone; and it was. All he said was to come home as fast as I could, but after hearing his voice I thought for a few moments of running away. I had to give this up, though: you can't run away in a cherry-tree suit

and three-cornered hat. Not in the Columbus, Ohio, of 1915 you couldn't.

An awful thing had happened to Cawfie Maddern, a horrible thing. He had been hypnotized. It had been nobody's fault. Yet it was clear to every one of us that we would be blamed for it. It had all happened so suddenly that we would never be able to explain it to our parents and to the police. How could we, when we couldn't explain it to ourselves? The more I thought of it the more mixed up it got. Particularly after the weird way Cawfie had talked and acted behind the barn just before dinner.

And yet, I told myself, maybe it *was* our fault. Maybe this was to be our punishment for the way we had treated him. If he died of brain fever or disappeared like Charlie Ross, there was a reform school at Lancaster for boys like us and the Pen on West Spring Street to serve the rest of our time in as soon as we became of age.

We had all gone to the Bijou Dream Theater on Livingstone Avenue. It was a long way from our neighborhood, but we couldn't afford to miss any last-minute tips on Chaplin impersonation. The picture was *The Immigrant*. When we got inside, Charlie was fighting the big waiter with the terrible eyebrows. So after the tag, where Charlie is standing in the rain with Edna, nudging her and both of them laughing, we

stayed to see the front part. But instead of starting over or showing another picture, they pulled up the screen and lowered a curtain with a picture of the State House and advertisements painted on it, the lights were turned down, and Dr. Clarke Drell came out.

Dr. Drell was wearing a cutaway with a wing collar and striped trousers, and he had a manner about him that belied his foolish face. He advanced to the footlights and said he wanted a safe-and-sane young man to come up and co-operate in a harmless scientific experiment. He talked some more until it came to us with a delicious horror that this was a hypnotist. He said he couldn't hypnotize anybody who didn't want to get hypnotized and added that the safe-and-sane young man had to be sober too. There was a dreadful holding of breath as his eyes slowly swept the audience.

He couldn't get anybody at first. Everybody was scared, men and women and everybody. Then all of a sudden there was Cawfie climbing up the steps to the stage, and we all thought we'd gone crazy. We didn't even know he was in the theater.

Dr. Drell asked him his name and if he were a Columbus boy, and he said he was now, but that he used to live in Boston. Dr. Drell said he was from Boston himself. What part of Boston did Cawfie come from? Cawfie said he came from Beacon Hill. Dr. Drell said he came from

Scollay Square, but Beacon Hill was a good part of Boston too. They both laughed, but we didn't catch on. Dr. Drell talked funny too, kind of like Cawfie, but not exactly.

Then Dr. Drell nodded towards the wings and the curtain with the State House on it went up, and there on the stage were five red plush chairs in a row. It said THE GREAT DRELL on the back of each chair in spangles. The stage was all dark and there was only the spotlight from the projection booth.

Dr. Drell led Cawfie to the middle chair and seated him carefully and then he told him to look up and back, up and back. We could see the whites of Cawfie's eyes as the rays from the spotlight struck them. Dr. Drell told him to put his two fists up to his jaws like this and push on them hard, harder. He told him to see if he could pull them away, and he couldn't. Finally he moved his right hand in slow figure eights before Cawfie's face and then snapped his fingers. Cawfie's eyes closed and his chin dropped to his chest. Dr. Drell came to the footlights, wiping his hands on a silk handkerchief. His voice was hushed.

"I have him absolutely under my control. I can make him do anything in the *world*, anything. I could make him steal or kill. Of course I wouldn't do that. But I could, I could. You will see."

Had it been anybody but Cawfie, we would have ached from laughing.

It was all like my later feelings during the excitement at the Independence Cotillon. People around us hung on to the seats in front of them and pillowed their cheeks on their arms; but the funnier it got to the rest of the audience, the more horrible it grew to us.

Cawfie barked like a dog and meowed like a cat and then he got down on his hands and knees and took both sides in a cat and dog fight. Dr. Drell told him to water the flowers and he did, but there weren't any flowers and he didn't have any sprinkling can. He waltzed around by himself as though he were dancing with a girl, and he hopped like a toad. He did a whole lot more crazy things, but the last one was when Dr. Drell yelled, "Fire! Fire!" Cawfie started slapping his clothes and making faces and screaming, and then he dived to the floor and rolled himself up in a rug in front of the plush chairs. The curtain went down. People all around us couldn't laugh any more. They just moaned.

Then the curtain went up and Dr. Drell woke him. He got out of the rug, and Dr. Drell brought him to the footlights and asked the audience to thank this safe, sane, and sober young man who had so generously assisted in the little scientific experiment. The audience did all right. Cawfie and the Doctor bowed together, and the curtain went down again.

Right after that they lowered the

screen. You can imagine how we felt when we didn't stay for the front part of *The Immigrant*. We waited for him outside. After a long time he came out of the stage door. He walked right past us. I hollered, "Hello, Cawfie," but he didn't pay any attention. He walked over to a telephone pole and leaned against it. Nobody went over to him: we felt too funny. A grocery wagon going fast towards our part of town came by and he hopped it. As he sat on its end-gate, getting smaller and smaller, he seemed to be looking right at us, and yet we mightn't have been there. Nobody said anything as we walked home.

Just before dinner I found him back of his barn. He wouldn't tell me anything about it at first. He said he couldn't tell anything because he had been asleep and couldn't remember anything. There was a strange look on his face, and it scared me the way he smiled. But I kept pestering him. At last he said he would if I swore not to tell any of the others. I promised.

"Well," he said, turning that scary look on me, "it was nothing but a fake, just a big fake."

"What do you mean it was a fake? How do you know what it was if you were asleep and can't remember anything?"

"It was all whispering. Dr. Drell just whispered to me, and I did it."

"You mean you did all those crazy

things just because you wanted to?"

"Everything was whispering. You couldn't see him, but he was whispering all the time."

I thought this over. "But even if he was whispering he was telling you what to do."

"You don't understand. It was different."

"But if you acted crazy like that when he told you, it's the *same* as hypnotizing."

"This was different."

"You mean you did all those crazy things because you wanted to?"

"You don't understand."

But I did understand. I understood perfectly that either he had brain fever or Dr. Drell was still controlling him. And when I thought of what Dr. Drell had said about killing and stealing, I went into the house and put on my cherry-tree suit gladly.

So when I got back from the cotillon and heard my mother say to Cawfie's grandmother, "He can't be far if he's only got the ten dollars from your purse," I knew it was all over. But even before my mother spoke I knew Cawfie was gone, for there were two detectives there, Riegel and Callahan. If your grandson is dying of brain fever, you don't go next door and have the detectives in.

I told them about Dr. Drell, and it all ended in a great blubbing match between me and the women. Riegel and Callahan whizzed over to the

Bijou and held Dr. Drell for investigation in the middle of hypnotizing a Polish glass-blower. By midnight the extras were out:

MERCHANT'S SON MISSING;
SUSPECT SEIZED.

V

That was twenty-one years ago, and Biddy is dead and the grandmother and my father and Moxie, who was killed in a fight, and you would never know Miss Butler. Dutch is a guard at the Penitentiary and Riegel is a guard in a bank, and I don't know what has become of Callahan or of many, many others. But Cawfie is all right because he is James Madison, not the fourth President of the United States, but getting \$150,000 a picture. And there will always be pictures no matter who seizes the power. If the pictures are Fascist he will be in them; and if the pictures are Communist he will be in them too. Whatever Dr. Drell whispered to him that day was the stuff.

For, of course, they found him next afternoon at the Fair Grounds. If you don't get it from the stool pigeons, the other secret of American detective work is waiting in the right place; and Riegel and Callahan were nothing if not American detectives. But I wish you could have seen them in the broiling heat trying to sleuth Cawfie out of more than three thousand contestants all dressed like Charlie Chaplin. The

contest was certainly city-wide, and among the hundreds they raised the derbies of and peeled moustaches from they found five girls and two Chinese boys. But they did not find the merchant's missing son.

The merchant's missing son found himself. The contest had crept along for maybe an hour, each Chaplin alike as so many ball bearings, when he and Moxie went out and broke it all up with the fight scene from *The Immigrant*. He had only to waddle out and twirl his cane and kick Moxie once in the pants of his waiter suit. The band woke up and went into a soft waltz; and when he ducked and squirmed and shot through Moxie's legs and kicked him again, the drummer made appropriate noises on his traps. The judges woke up too, and so did more than three thousand contestants and all their loving parents. Riegel and Callahan woke up, but they just stood there. They were seeing something. It was not a long routine, but such a roaring and crying and hat-throwing went on that we wanted it to end; and at last it did.

Cawfie made his bow and pointed to Moxie, and Moxie bowed and they hugged each other; and everybody broke and ran for them. But we got there first. Dutch was trying to lift the hero to his shoulders when Cawfie reached over and straight-armed him smack in the face.

"You clumsy son-of-a-bitch," he said. "Wanna spoil my makeup?"

THE NEWSPAPER GUILD

BY C. C. NICOLET

THE newspaperman is, by tradition, a bellyacher. His boss doesn't appreciate him. If he'd had enough sense to go into any other work he'd be making twice as much money. Look at the union printers, getting more than many reporters. . . . In the old days, he didn't generally do much about it except talk, but the Depression brought sharp realization of the insecurity of news and editorial workers. The bellyaching increased. White-collar unions seemed to be getting somewhere. The newspaperman turned to organization. And the American Newspaper Guild was born.

Today, the Guild is a labor union, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. It operates, however, with none of the hard-bitten realism of sound labor leadership. Under the messianic presidency of Heywood Broun, it has forgotten its job of helping newspapermen, and is out to Reform the World.

This seems to be a typical phenomenon in white-collar unions. A relatively small group of ardent radicals, anticipating the Revolution tomorrow morning or at the latest the day after, takes over enthusiastically

while a pliant majority sits back and does nothing. That the Guild is no exception to this rule has been unmistakably demonstrated. Thus, when the Guild, in convention in New York last Spring, voted 83 to 5 to affiliate with the A. F. of L., it also recommended to city units of the Guild throughout the country co-operation with Farmer-Labor political groups. It voted to give city executive committees control over all contracts signed by individual members with newspapers, except the comparatively few that called for a salary of more than \$200 a week. The convention also unanimously re-elected Mr. Broun as president. It smashed every effort of a small group of delegates to question the eternal wisdom of the manner in which the evangelistic Mr. Broun and his associates have used the Guild to endorse world-peace movements, to support strikes, to attack the Roosevelt Administration, to free Tom Mooney, to fight "Fascists", to subsidize the Southern sharecroppers, etc., etc.

In short, the Guild, which hopes eventually to enroll most newspapermen and women in its dues-paying membership, is wholly controlled by

a Left-wing group which believes that to be a good newspaper worker, an individual must be at least as far Left as the Farmer-Labor movement. It is a group passionately attached to the belief that the profit motive must be eliminated from industry. Its devotion to this cause is so great, as its actions have shown time and again, that it is willing to utilize, and does utilize, a national organization of newspaper workers to further the Cause.

Of course, the individual political beliefs of the officers of a union need not be of serious concern. The fact that Mr. Broun is a rather seedy Socialist and that some of his associates are Communists is not of itself important. But unless a great majority of the working newspapermen and women of the Republic share these beliefs, the use of the Guild as a Left-wing political machine is of very great importance.

The Guild, it should be remembered, is a decided minority of newspaper workers. Comprising less than 5000 paid-up members, it does not represent a fair cross-section of the craft. The Broun group maintains its overwhelming control by the simple process of offending recalcitrant members until they resign, and conducting Guild affairs in such manner that no dissenter in his right mind, if he understands what is afoot, will join. Thus an actual minority is turned into an unshakable majority.

Mr. Broun, defending recently the Left trend of the Guild, remarked that newspapermen had always tended to the Left. I do not know of my own knowledge whether this is true of the august company of dramatic critics, book reviewers, and columnists among whom almost all of Mr. Broun's journalistic life has been spent. I do know, however, that it was not true in the dozen newspaper offices in which my own rather vague tendency to be sympathetic toward Labor and to cheer for policies somewhat to the right of the New Deal, once was regarded as hare-brained radicalism. Mr. Broun, I believe, is sharing a fallacy which was widely held through the 'Twenties by the Rotarians. They believed that most newspapermen were Anarchists; that anyone who did not consider their speeches masterpieces must be a dangerous radical; that H. L. Mencken was going to overthrow the government any minute. Now to confuse reporters with radicals is not surprising in the Rotarians, but it is certainly less than astute in the case of Mr. Broun.

A type of newspaperman—I think it is the best type—is truly a rebel. But that does not make him a Communist. He is a rebel against cant and sloppy thinking, and the type of silliness that has been so handsomely recorded in *THE MERCURY'S* "Americana." In the 'Twenties, the bourbons of the Rotary Clubs and the less able gentlemen of

the pulpits offered the outstanding examples of this type of imbecility, and we roared at them while our young hearts ached over the stupidity of the world. Newspapermen of the rebel type, however, are just as ready to revolt against inanities on the Left as on the Right. An American Civil Liberties Union handout is no different generically from a Rotary Club statement on Americanism. A soapbox radical is talking the same language as a candidate for alderman. And the dilettante Leftist on the platform stirs strange echoes of the inspirational speeches Y. M. C. A. leaders used to make to high-school boys.

It does not appear that the present generation of young newspapermen is essentially different from that of the 'Twenties. I still find Democrats and Republicans and cynics of no political affiliation where I used to find them in newspaper offices. I still find Catholics and Protestants and Jews who treat their religion seriously, working alongside agnostics. I still find barflies and Prohibitionists, rounders and respectable suburbanites, readers of pulp magazines and Gertrude Stein fanatics. I still find those who sympathize with organized labor, and those who are contemptuous of persons who work with their hands. In short, I still find the average newspaper office to be a fairly accurate cross-section of American morals, manners, prejudices, fanaticisms, and general intelligence.

Maybe we editorial men belong in the proletariat, but we still feel Middle-Class. Yet this need not keep us from desiring a strong labor union, because it is a truism that most members of unions of skilled workers likewise think of themselves in Middle-Class rather than proletarian terms. It does, however, keep a good many of us from wanting that union run as a Left-wing propaganda agency.

II

Several abortive attempts to organize editorial workers were made before 1929, but none succeeded on a wide scale. The Depression, however, brought slashes in salaries and in editorial staffs. Publishers, restricted by contract in the reductions they could make among mechanical crews, in newsprint buying, and in other fields, turned to their non-contract labor in editorial and business departments. A good many of them performed the surgical task as decently as possible. A good many more did not.

When NRA came along in 1933, and publishers started combatting a code for themselves while advocating codes for other industries, the idea of an organization of newspaper workers under Section 7A of the Recovery Act found strong support. It was a period of hysteria, and newspapermen were among the most hysterical. The New Era was at

hand, and the boys were determined to get their cut. It soon became evident, however, that trouble was ahead. And so newspapermen sorted themselves into three cliques.

First were the Gentlemen. They talked in terms of an organization like the Bar or Medical Associations, to develop a code of ethics and enhance the dignity of the profession. This would, they were sure, produce a higher wage-standard and greater security.

Next came the great central group, almost wholly Middle-Class in thought but holding no illusions of dignity about the business. Some didn't like the idea of a union, so it became a Guild. Others didn't consider it wise to organize under Section 7A unless we were going to have a real union, affiliated with the mechanical unions. Some were as enthusiastic as religious converts; others were cynically contemptuous. Some were willing to do real work in getting the movement under way, but the vast majority lacked time or inclination.

Third were the Leftists—some Communists, some Socialists, others unaffiliated but devoted to the theory that elimination of the profit system would solve all America's problems. The bulk of them were bright-eyed youngsters, relatively new to the craft, full of enthusiasm, anxious to give their spare time to the Cause. They were supported by the serious Leftists of the craft—old Non-

Partisan League newspapermen from the West, seaboard intellectuals gone radical like Mr. Broun, and a substantial group of Heavy Thinkers from the New York area.

Of course, all the members of the third group joined the Guild at once, whereas many in the other two hung back. And for every one of the first two groups who was willing to do real work, there were three of the bright young men of the Left. Thus the Guild was off to a start in 1933 with the Left-wing in the saddle.

The Gentlemen didn't stay long in the fold. The other groups had no patience with their idea of an ethical society. Indeed, it is even probable that had it not been for the activities of the publishers, the Middle-Class would have followed the Gentlemen out, and the Guild would have gone to pieces. But it was a Code winter, and NRA was determined to treat the newspapers like the rest of Industry. Col. Frank Knox of the *Chicago Daily News*, Col. Robert McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*, and William Randolph Hearst entered into a strange alliance to protect something they called Freedom of the Press.

Now, irrespective of whether one believed in NRA, it was difficult for us editorial workers to see wherein a five-day week was likely to endanger Freedom of the Press. We could not comprehend how application of child labor laws to the circulation department was going to prevent dis-

tribution of newspapers. Hence, the extremism of the publishers so aroused the conservative newspaper workers that they were willing to go along with Mr. Broun. The Guild's membership grew tremendously. There was some protest at the extremism of speeches by the messianic Mr. Broun and other leaders, but any Guild meeting could always be stamped by a sneering reference to the money-mad publishers.

By the Fall of 1934, however, it had become evident that Section 7A wasn't going to help much, and the Middle Class began to grow concerned over the antics of the leaders. There were stormy meetings and a strong anti-Broun bloc appeared to be forming. But the Battle of New-ark ended that.

Several Guild members on the Newark *Ledger* were discharged, patently because of Guild activity. It was a challenge to be met, and it was met by a strike. The issue was clear: either the Guild fought, or it invited publishers all over the country to discharge Guild members.

It was a long fight, and a hard one. Theoretically, the Guild won, although legal technicalities were used to deny it any practical results of victory. With the strike ended, the anti-Broun movement—voluntarily halted during the battle—began again. But its disintegration during the strike had hurt it. When the National Convention of 1935 was held, there was no closely-knit insurgent

representation. Because of Mr. Broun's personal popularity and the desire to avoid the psychological reaction of sacking the *Führer*, the movement was concentrated not against Mr. Broun but against Jonathan Eddy, executive secretary of the national organization. The Broun forces won by half a vote.

After that, there was no restraining the leadership. The Guild was rapidly turned into a blend of the American Civil Liberties Union and the Socialist Party. There was scarcely a meeting of the Representative Assembly, the legislative body of the New York Guild, that was not addressed by at least one member of a union begging for strike support. We even had one impassioned appeal from a whiskey salesman to buy his product, because the distillery was 100 per cent unionized.

III

The 1935 convention had voted to submit to national referendum the question of affiliation with the A. F. of L. A two-thirds majority was required. It failed, although receiving more than a majority of votes. Nevertheless, it was evident that affiliation was only a question of time. The Guild strikes became more frequent, and the typographical unions gave support, financial as well as moral. So did many other unions, especially those, like the typographical group, affiliated with

John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers and supporting his rebellion against the William Green leadership of the A. F. of L. Soon, the Guild was firmly committed to the Left-wing.

Then, last Winter, the Guild ran into the inevitable — a strike against a big publisher. The Guild unit of the *Wisconsin News*, a Milwaukee paper owned by Mr. Hearst, walked out, not because a Guildsman had been discharged or discriminated against, but because the management had refused to negotiate on wages, hours, and working conditions. At the time of this writing, the strike is still in progress, having settled into an endurance contest, with Guild members all over the country paying to keep it going.

It has been denied by various spokesmen that the impetus for the strike came from New York. There is no evidence that it did. But the question of A. F. of L. affiliation was coming up again at the National Convention in June; a new attempt to form an anti-Broun bloc was under way; a strike against a national publisher was patently a great help to the leadership in its drive for a united Guild. Moreover, Milwaukee, being a strongly Socialist city, was an ideal place to make a test-case against Mr. Hearst, whom Mr. Broun regards with a fanatical hatred. In any event, the strike put over A. F. of L. affiliation with a bang.

The most singular aspect of the Milwaukee strike has been the manner in which it has turned into a national crusade against Mr. Hearst. The Milwaukee Guild chapter has appealed to Guild members and others everywhere not to read Hearst publications or to view Hearst movies or to use products advertised in Hearst newspapers and magazines. Thus far, the Guild itself has technically refrained from endorsing the crusade, limiting official action to asking a national boycott of firms which advertise in the *Wisconsin News*, with no reference to other Hearst publications. The Milwaukee unit, however, has announced plans to set up a national boycott headquarters in New York, and the national leadership is in sympathy.

The anti-Hearst crusade reached a new peak during August, when between twenty and forty alleged Guild members walked out of the offices of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. A picket line of longshoremen, loggers, teamsters, and assorted thugs surrounded the building and prevented union printers and pressmen from going to work, although the latter's contracts prohibit sympathy strikes. The Hearst management suspended publication indefinitely, halting pay checks to about 600 persons. Thus does the Guild go about improving working conditions for the journalistic fraternity.

Guild members on Hearst newspapers elsewhere seem to be unen-

thusiastic about the boycott movement. They aren't boycotting Mr. Hearst—they are taking his pay checks each week. But they are afraid he may boycott them. In fact, a good many of us not in the Hearst organization are unable to see why a Guild dedicated to helping newspapermen should strive to eliminate publications which employ thousands of editorial workers. Nor do we welcome the precedent which is thus set and which might lead in the future to similar attacks on other newspapers disliked by Guild leaders.

Even more dangerous than the Hearst situation, however, is the new constitutional provision referred to earlier which gives city executive committees jurisdiction over contracts between individual members and publishers. The Guild leadership has always been morally committed to the principle that no effort should be made to set a definite scale of wages for each class of workers, as is done in many unions. The Guild would seek to raise the minimum, but it would be left to the individual to get as much above that figure as possible. Yet in the final weary hours of last Spring's convention, the leadership slipped through a constitutional clause providing that no member may sign a contract affecting wages, hours, and working conditions without approval of the city executive committee. It added one exception. The amendment does not

apply to contracts over \$200 a week. In short, it does not apply to Mr. Broun.

IV

The picture I have drawn of the Guild is discouraging, but it is not hopeless. The Guild is very young; the marks of childishness are everywhere upon it. But time has a way of taking care of such situations.

For the present, as long as the Broun leadership insists upon working on the basis of a Class-War theory, in which most newspapermen do not believe, there is little chance that the Guild will attract the dominant Middle-Class workers. But the bright young radicals, as well as the organization, are maturing. A good many of them will grow more conservative with another year or two and an additional \$10 a week in the pay envelope. A cooler leadership may well develop, which will seek to maintain the Guild more nearly on a plane with the old skilled unions, which realize that Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, and Communists cannot work together unless they steer clear of politics.

Many of us, unwittingly converted from radicals into apparent reactionaries, have found our experiment with organization profoundly disillusioning. We haven't given up hope, however, that sound organization is yet possible.

THE LUMBERJACKS GO SISSY

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

WHEN my father's father ran a logging camp in northern New England sixty years ago, it was commonly said of loggers that they slept in trees and would eat baled hay if you sprinkled whisky on it. Up in Maine, New Hampshire, and Quebec, I knew fellows who put on red woolen drawers and double-breasted undershirts in September, when they hit for the camps, and never took them off until the snow melted in May and it was time to go down-river on the drive. These same lads slept sixteen to the bunk, one hundred to the room. Ordinarily they didn't shave all winter long, although the camp dandies might on a dull Sunday run a whetstone over a single-bitted ax, slap some yellow soap into their whiskers, and there and then shave in the manner of the great Paul Bunyan himself. But such effeminate doings were regarded with suspicion by most of the jacks. Black Bill Fuller, an eminent camp foreman of First Connecticut Lake, held shaving in the winter to be pretty nigh as debilitating as the carrying of a handkerchief.

All tobacco in camp, both smoking and chewing, came in one-pound

plugs; and if you weren't man enough to pack sixteen ounces around with you, you took your ax and whacked off a hunk large enough to last until evening. They were mighty chewers of plug, those old shanty-boys, and no punk considered himself a man until he could spit fifteen feet into a head-wind and hit a sapling fair in the crotch. The smoking tobacco, when inhaled, commonly came out the ears. Work was done in snow to the arm pits. Noon lunch was eaten in the woods, and consisted of frozen biscuits, beans, and a lye mixture that went by the name of tea. A moderately good ax-man could fell a spruce so as to drive a stake into the ground; and a chip from his scarf flew out with enough force to fell a yearling bull in his tracks.

But it was when the winter's work was over and the jacks headed for town that the outside world learned of the prodigious lustiness and all-round he-ness of the loggers. It made no difference whether they were Bangor Tigers from Maine or Saginaw Cats from Michigan. Such a-whoring and a-drinking and a-fighting hadn't been seen by man

since the days of the Crusades. They startled the pious folk of Bangor as they pounded on pine bars and shouted for stronger liquor. They swore they'd leave no virgin along the Kennebec. And on at least one memorable occasion, a jack jumped, calked boots and all, through the only plate-glass store window in Woodsville, New Hampshire, wherein stood the waxen figure of a woman displaying a pink nightgown of crepe de Chine.

But soon the New England spruce began to peter out; so the loggers packed their tattered turkeys and swept on through York State and Pennsylvania like forest fire. Next they paused awhile in Michigan and Wisconsin, where the tall white pine fell like wheat before their onslaught; and they turned Saginaw, Bay City, and Chippewa Falls into howling bedlams that were to keep the pulp writers in copy for years to come. The fights grew gaudier and bloodier. It was the classic era of eye-gouging, of getting an opponent down and tramping on his face with calked shoes. Once having the boots put to him, a man was marked for life with "Loggers' Smallpox". Makers of glass eyes did a rushing business in the Lake States of the 'Eighties and 'Nineties, for no fight was worthy the name unless mayhem was committed. More than one doctor owed his livelihood to worthies such as Bulldog Fournier, who claimed — and no old-timer doubted it — to

have chewed off the ears of twenty-two Michigan lads who thought they were able men.

Whorehouses grew to monstrous size. They were known as stockades, and many of them harbored a hundred short-skirted gals. These women were often called *Battleaxes*, for a reason clear enough if you recall the advertising slogan of that noble brand of chewing tobacco. In brief, it was a great and hell-roaring era. But one melancholy morning the loggers, peering out from behind a million stumps, saw that Michigan and Wisconsin timber was getting thin. They sighted smokestacks just over the hump. Their ancient enemy, Civilization, was creeping in. And so they packed their turkeys again and went on to Minnesota.

At about this stage, they were joined by hordes of Swedes and Norwegians, able drinkers all, and whoremasters and fighters to a man. The squareheads introduced a new and pleasant vice, the chewing of snuff. Not sniffing — but chewing. Heretofore, you could trace the receding timber line from Maine to Michigan by the discarded tobacco tags that came on *Spearhead* and *Climax*; but from Cloquet and Duluth to the West Coast the loggers' wake was to be strewn with the round tin covers of *Copenhagen* snuff, commonly known as Scandihoo-vian Dynamite. The boys cut the Minnesota timber on this ration and cut it in a hurry. Then they moved on.

There were no stops in North Dakota, nor was there much halting in Montana or Idaho. With a rattling of peaveys the hordes of sharp-shod men swept on down the Columbia and into Western Oregon and Washington. Here, although they didn't suspect it, they were in their last stronghold, their backs to the sea, and Civilization, with its host of farmers and traders and city slickers, creeping steadily upon them. They couldn't go on, over the hump, for there wasn't any hump. And so the saga of the lumberjacks from this point onward is a sadder story, even, than the extinction of the American buffalo.

II

First thing to happen was the beefing of the big, bellowing oxen who yanked gargantuan butts over skid-roads that smoked from friction: the oxen were made into hamburger when some genius discovered that logs could be yarded with cable and a donkey engine. Thus disappeared the colorful bulls, and with them went the buckaroo or bullwhacker, their master, the god-damndest curser that ever raised voice against Diety and the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Soon, too, logging railroads began pushing back into the timber, and the driving of rivers was forgotten. No longer was a lad proud to be known as a cat on the logs, burling them this way and that with his sharp calks; few of today's loggers

could stand upright on a rolling hemlock in the quiet of a sawmill pond. Then came the Wobblies, as Big Bill Haywood's benevolent order of the Industrial Workers of the World called themselves. The Wobs had to have a Cause at all times, and right then it happened to be "No Bindle-Stiffs. Burn the Blankets", and "Be a Man. Don't Carry A Balloon."

What these stirring slogans meant was that the loggers should give up their ancient practice of carrying their own blankets (*bindle, balloon*) from camp to camp. "We want white sheets furnished by the Boss!" howled the Wobs from five hundred soapboxes. They pulled strike after strike, with the bindle as their objective; and presently they got their white sheets and pillows. The sad part of it was that they not only got sheets and pillows, but every week the Boss presented them with a rental and laundry charge.

Next, and worst of all, came the married man. Since the time Paul Bunyan's father started the first logging camp, back in the days when loggers had tails and slept hanging from limbs, there had seldom been a woman in the logging woods. Not even a *bad* woman. True, the enterprising madams of bumboats plying the coastal waters of British Columbia and Puget Sound had often called near a camp to display their wares, but of women, either good or bad, actually living in camp, there was almost none. Who it was, I have no

idea, but not so many years ago some canny timber baron figured that it might be possible to hire loggers who would stay married for more than one night at a time. It was tried and it worked beautifully. With his ball-and-chain attached to him, the logger had no need to visit the fleshpots of the towns and cities. Labor turnover was reduced, production speeded up.

Added to these things was the happy fact that God made the wives of many loggers most fruitful. They have multiplied to such good effect that for the past twenty years or so there has been a goodly supply of prime young loggers born, so to speak, right on the plantation. I can think of no really large camp in either Oregon or Washington that does not have a camp school and schoolmarm.

While all this was going on, the Better Roads movement penetrated the back country, and loggers took to buying cars. You'll find a garage now in most any camp, large or small. Unmarried loggers, who in older and more moral days never saw a gas-light between October and May, took to running to town on Saturday night and sleeping it off in camp on Sunday afternoon. From this point onward, it is easy to trace the disappearance of the old-time lumberjack.

Loggers began subscribing to daily papers and the concomitant correspondence courses in everything from be-a-detective to saxophone playing. One of them got drunk on a

Saturday night and brought the first radio into camp, where it still bleats nightly, to the disgust of old Nestors who had rather stove-log about the time Jigger Jones loaded too high with the crosshaul and came a-fluking down Dead Diamond Hill with no sand on the road and the snub rope broken. Aye, those were the days. . . .

Meanwhile, the camp buildings went the way of the ox-teams and five-cent whisky. The newer camps are barrack-like structures, made of boards, with *windows* in them, and shingled roofs, layouts scarcely distinguishable from wartime cantonments. Once started on the white sheets, the operators went hog-wild with "improvements". Lamps and lanterns gave way to portable electric-light machines. Many of the companies even threw out the old privies, some of them truly monumental jobs, and installed toilets. "Muzzle-loading" bunks — where you crawled in over the foot — were wrecked and iron cots of the army type put in.

Most indicative of all, perhaps, has been the change in the tobacco habits of loggers. This is important. When I was a youth, thirty years ago, a man who came into camp smoking a cigarette was eyed coldly, allowed to eat his supper, and then sent packing down the trail. "A man who will suck on a cig'ret," Jigger Jones once told me soberly, "won't stop at nothin'." Jigger, as well as most loggers of the time, considered a ciga-

rette-user to be a degenerate, as well as worthless as a logger. Today the lumberjack smokes as many cigarettes as a debutante.

Years ago the operators threw away the tin plates and iron forks, and now white crockery appears on the table. And with such fancy doings has come the girl flunkey, or waitress. Most of the Western camps now have young girls slinging the hash and rolling out a string of flats (*i.e.*, hot cakes), and most of them marry loggers. They settle down in camp to raise more loggers. Plenty of camp stores stock diapers these days; and rouge, lipstick, hairnets, and two-way-stretch girdles are sold openly. The rustle of a magazine is more likely to be *McCall's* than the *National Police Gazette*.

III

Indeed, a modern camp, with all its standardizations of the city, is a pretty sad thing to contemplate. In at least two of them, in the Western Pine region around Bend, Oregon, I have seen full-sized tennis courts, backstops and all. Many a camp has a weekly movie show. Rudy Vallee — that old logger from Maine — is heard cooing nightly in remote camps that were once quiet except for the sighing of wind in the pines, or enlivened by the screaming of cougars and the even louder howling of loggers tanked on cook-house lemon extract.

When the logger is now roused of a morning it is not to the melodious notes of the gut-hammer, a hunk of railroad iron pounded by the bull cook. Hardly. He is fairly blown from his white-sheeted bunk by a blast from an electrically-operated siren or foghorn. Nor after breakfast does he hear the cheery bellow of the camp foreman: "Roll out, or roll up!" Instead, his ears are shocked by the screech of a locomotive whistle. Yes, sir, the factory has caught up with him.

Should he raise his voice in the wilderness, the song is likely to be a pansy croon. He has forgotten, or never knew, the stirring strophes to *Little Brown Bull*, or *Roll of Old Gingerbread, Nine Inches Long*. The logger's talk is just about the same as that of his city brother, whom he has so long scorned and shunned — the make of car, radio programs, and the World's Series. His argot, instead of a virile cant plugged full of the color of the pioneer, has largely degenerated into the wisecracks of the city which he has heard over the radio. His profanity, once of noble stature and attaining to an art, consists of the weak and plagiarized "Jeez!" It has been years since I heard one of them roll out such epic stuff as Three-Fingered Jesse James could do on the slightest provocation. It began: "By the blue-eyed, bandy-legged, jumped-up, ol' Jesus H. Mackinaw Kee-ryst. . . ." Nor do I know a logger in practice — save it

be old Paul Chriss of West Virginia and all-over — who could equal the famous challenge of the late Jigger Jones: "I can run faster, spit further, jump higher, belch louder, and move sideways quicker than any orey-eyed, hump-backed, son of a bitchin' bastid in camp." It took men who slept in blankets and not in white sheets to get things like those off their chests.

Nor would you, if you were in camp of a morning, hear the happy, obscene greetings and observations that made of reveille a vaudeville well worth the hearing. No, sir. Today you would hear soprano voices, feminine voices, twittering over backyard fences, while underneath all is the civilizing drone of the electric washing machine.

The sad old bull cook, his handle-bar moustaches drooping — symbolically, perhaps — makes his daily rounds of the shacks, pausing now and again to feast his startled eyes on the camp wash lines. Here he contemplates with mixed emotions the filmy underthings of mauve and peach and azure that flutter in the pine-laden breeze — and he curses the flesh that is now weak.

Down the track apiece, a woman comes to the door of the camp school-house and rings a bell — nothing short of a knell to the old bull cook — while kids, *loggers'* kids, whoop and yell for a last moment before they go inside to learn that the British were licked at Bunker Hill and that Democracy makes all men free.

Nor is this all that the old-time logger has to put up with. When the still strange and dismal day's work is over, he may sit down in the bunk-house to take a look at the *Morning Oregonian* or the Coos Bay *Times*. But there is no comfort here. Even his newspaper informs him of still more unbelievable, yet true happenings. Here is exactly what it told him one day not long ago:

LOGGER WINS CUP

Tacoma, Washington (AP) — Making his final round in a neat 78 here today, Ed Crosby of the Big Creek Logging Company, took the Loggers' and Lumbermen's Silver Cup, with W. L. Carey, Western Pine, and Paul Hosmer, Brooks-Scanlon Camp, runners-up.

If the bull cook read any further, which is doubtful, he would have learned that virtually every logging superintendent, and half the camp foremen, of Oregon and Washington played in that same golf tournament.

But the caption alone would have been enough for any old lumberjack. Reading that far, he would sneak away to the darkness of the cook-shack to lay hand on a jug of eighty-proof lemon extract and drink to the moon, while a cougar waited far up on the mountain side. He is a very lonely fellow, these days, almost the last of his race. Nearly all of Paul Bunyan's Boys — now streamlined and each wrapped in cellophane — have gone over the hump.

IF THE SOUTH HAD WON THE WAR

BY VIRGINIUS DABNEY

WHAT would America and the South be like today if the Confederacy had triumphed in the Civil War? Would the Southern scene be markedly different in this year of our Lord, 1936, if Marse Robert had led the Starry Cross to victory over the Star-Spangled Banner, and General Meade or General Grant had surrendered somewhere north of the Potomac to the commander of the Southern armies? The idea is not wholly fantastic, for if Vicksburg had not fallen and matters had been managed differently at Gettysburg, the South might have forced the North to sue for peace in 1863 or 1864. The gray wave which reached its high tide on Cemetery Hill in the smoking cannon of the Federal batteries, had to fall back when no supports arrived. Next day Vicksburg fell. But let us assume that the ghastly sacrifice of Pickett's Division was not in vain and that Meade's army was routed; that Vicksburg never surrendered, and that the Confederacy, in consequence, was not cut in two. What then?

A Southern victory would have meant, of course, the establishment of the Confederate States of America

as an independent entity. There would have been no Reconstruction, and hence the area below the Potomac and the Ohio would have been spared the ordeal to which it was subjected at the hands of thieves, cutpurses, and picaroons from the North. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that a victorious South would have emerged from the war with the institution of slavery still intact. One wonders how long human servitude would have remained as an integral part of Confederate polity.

I cannot believe that the institution would have endured for more than a few decades. In the early years of the nineteenth century, leading Southerners agreed that slavery was impoverishing them, and by 1830 the movement for its abolition was well under way. There were some fifty anti-slavery societies in North Carolina and half as many in Tennessee. The Virginia Legislature which met late in 1831, almost passed a statute providing for the gradual emancipation of the slaves in that State; the measure was defeated by only four votes in the Senate, after it had passed the House by a wide margin. The failure of this bill, coupled with the

violent broadsides of William Lloyd Garrison and his fellow-Abolitionists, who were just becoming articulate, and the fact that the invention of the cotton gin had brought a measure of temporary prosperity to the planters, combined to bring on the reaction. For the next three decades, there was a steady retrogression, with Southern spokesmen more and more vigorous in defending slavery from Northern attacks.

But many of them realized that the institution was proving economically ruinous to their section. If the Confederacy had achieved independence, it seems highly probable that machinery would have been set in motion not long afterward looking to the emancipation of the chattels, whose faithfulness to the trust reposed in them when their masters were at the front is one of the most remarkable examples of fidelity in all history. President Lincoln might even have gotten around to emancipating the slaves in the North and the border states, which slaves were specifically omitted from the proclamation of the Great Emancipator in 1863.

If the Confederacy had won, the mulatto population of the South would have been considerably smaller than it is today, for the army of colored descendants left by the Union troops as they marched through Georgia and other areas below Mason and Dixon's Line would never have been born. Thus the number of

Negroes eligible for emancipation after a Southern victory would have been much smaller than the number freed by the South's defeat.'

It is probable that the Abolitionists, such as Garrison and Wendell Phillips, would have attempted to resume their attacks on the Southern slaveholders after the war, but a victorious South probably would have insisted on a stipulation in the terms of peace that there should be no further public discussion of slavery by the Garrisonians. On the other hand, these iron-willed gentry were very determined, and they would gladly have suffered *durance vile* rather than keep silent. It is conceivable that assaults from them after the war, particularly in connection with Southern attempts to enforce fugitive slave legislation, would have been essential to the proslavery reaction in Dixie and would have delayed emancipation. Such emancipation, however, would have been inevitable sooner or later. Aside from all other considerations, it would have been essential to the prosperity of the slaveholders.

A conquering South probably would not have levied tribute on the North, but it would not have been laid waste by the Northern armies to anything like the extent that it was, and of course the ten-year saturnalia of thievery and corruption euphemistically termed Reconstruction would not have occurred. Hence, the South would have emerged from the war in comparatively strong financial con-

dition. It seems reasonable to assume that the Confederate veterans would have lost little time getting their feet into the government trough, just as did the Grand Army of the Republic. In view of the fact that Southern veterans of the World War were and are as eager to raid the Treasury as any other veterans of that conflict, I see no reason to think that their grandfathers or fathers would, in the mass, have been more high-minded. Thus, demands on the Confederate Treasury by the United Confederate Veterans would almost certainly have cost the newly-formed government colossal sums. Nevertheless, the South would have ridden this storm far more easily than it survived the wholesale larcenies of Reconstruction, and the region would have entered an era of considerable prosperity soon after the close of hostilities.

II

It is perhaps not generally realized how great was the progress of Southern industry in the 'Fifties. There were no fewer than 24,590 factories in the South in 1860, representing an aggregate capital of \$175,100,000. During the 'Fifties, the South quadrupled its railroad mileage, so that by 1860 the total exceeded that of New England and the Middle States combined. If the South had triumphed in the war, the industrial advances achieved before the outbreak of hostilities would have been

carried over into the post-war era. And just as the commonly-held idea that the ante-bellum South was without any appreciable industry, is groundless, so the impression that it was educationally backward, by comparison with the North, is partially incorrect. It is true that the Southern public school systems were inferior, but the colleges and universities had much larger enrollments in proportion to the white population and enjoyed a larger total of appropriations and endowments than the Northern institutions. The class of instruction offered by the Southern centers of learning probably was, on the whole, somewhat inferior, although this is debatable.

It seems reasonable to conclude, then, that many of the industrial and educational advances which came to the North in the late nineteenth century would have come to the South instead, if the Confederacy had won. In other words, the laborious battle which the beaten South was forced to wage in poverty and despair for several decades after Appomattox, would not have been necessary.

But it would almost certainly have been impossible for a victorious Confederacy to have stemmed the rise of the so-called "poor whites" to power. The upsurge of submerged elements in the 'Eighties and 'Nineties apparently would have occurred under the government of the Confederate States just as surely as it did under that of the United

States. A ground swell which began long before the war, and which after the war threw such a man as Wade Hampton out of the United States Senate and put a comparatively unknown individual named Irby in his place, could hardly have been denied. A Southern victory in the 'Sixties would have meant considerably more rapid educational progress in the South, and the "wool-hat boys" would have been somewhat more literate when they took charge of the situation. But they would surely have taken charge of it. There can be little doubt about that.

One presumes that the halls of the Confederate Congress would therefore have been graced by a group of unmannerly zanies whose behavior would have closely resembled that of the political exhibitionists from the South whose antics at Washington have made well-disposed Southerners blush for the past four decades. Hence, it is logical to suppose that such statesmen as Ben Tillman, Tom Watson, Jeff Davis of Arkansas, Tom Heflin, Cole Blease, and Huey Long would have been even more influential in a comparatively small Confederate parliament than they were on the larger national stage.

Indeed, I greatly fear that we should all be vassals of Huey Long today if the Confederacy had won. Possibly the more rapid spread of the educational process in a victorious South would have been a serious obstacle in the way of the realization

of the Kingfish's putative ambitions; but I doubt it. The amazing political thaumaturgy which he demonstrated in such Southern states as Louisiana and Arkansas would have enabled him to leap quickly from the governorship of Louisiana to the presidency of the Confederacy. And as President of the Confederacy, he would promptly have sought to make himself master of the entire South.

I do not think it is wholly fantastic to say that he would have succeeded, at least partially. It is even possible that if Long had been chosen chief magistrate of the Confederacy, he would have managed to take over control of everything from the local fire brigades to the Supreme Court, as he did in Louisiana, and that we denizens of Dixie might have found ourselves slapped in the face by his storm-troopers for failure to salute the piscatorial insignia on ceremonial occasions, and belabored with *Gummiknüttel*, à la Nazi, for failure to leap at the piscatorial command.

One thing must be borne in mind, however. Southerners are not Germans or Italians. They take no pleasure, as a general rule, in having somebody order them around, nor do they enjoy goose-stepping to the edicts of a dictator. After Huey's accession to power, he might have succeeded in a good many of his efforts to regiment the citizenry, but if he had sought to carry the process too far, there would have been a bloody revolt. It is quite possible, indeed,

that civil war would have ensued, and that the South would have been rent asunder by another conflict as sanguinary as the arbitrament of the 'Sixties.

There would also have been the possibility of a return engagement with the North. For one thing, the Fugitive Slave Law, prior to the elimination of slavery in the South, would have given rise to almost unlimited intersectional bitterness. And can it be assumed that the North would have been satisfied to allow ten or more states to set up a separate government, and at the same time not to seek *revanche* for a stinging defeat at the hands of a foe inferior in numbers, wealth, and resources? Many of my own forebears who fought in the Confederate Army, and their sons, yearned after the surrender for another chance to lick the Yankees. If there had been any hope of success, they would not have hesitated to enlist in such an enterprise. It seems reasonable to assume, therefore, that the feeling beyond the Potomac and the Ohio would have been similar, if the situation had been reversed. Not only so, but the North would have had an excellent chance of victory in a second war with the Confederacy, for even if it continued to be true that one Reb could handle five Yanks, the overwhelming Northern superiority in men, money, and munitions would inevitably have told in the end.

One presumes, however, that if

the North had given clear evidence of an irrepressible desire to conquer the South, the South would have sought to interpose as many obstacles as possible. Is it not conceivable, then, that an American Maginot Line would have been erected on the southern banks of the Potomac and the Ohio, against the day when the Yankees might turn out in force with their poison gas and flame-throwers, their bombing planes and heavy artillery, for the purpose of putting Dixie's shoulders to the mat? It will doubtless be argued that relations between the sections, under such circumstances, are not properly comparable to those which exist today between France and Germany, for the North and the South were separate subdivisions of the same people, whereas France and Germany are different in language, race, tradition, and background. Let us not forget, however, that Englishmen and Scotsmen carried on the bitterest kind of border warfare over a period of centuries. Let us remember, too, that many Southerners believe that the outlook of their section in the spheres of politics, religion, literature, and business differed fundamentally from that of the North, both before and after the war. As to the racial composition of the two regions, it can be argued with considerable plausibility that since Dixie is much more largely Anglo-Saxon than any other equally extensive area of the United States, a Confederate triumph in the

'Sixties could have been the genesis of a violent feud between Anglo-Saxon sod-busters from the South, on the one hand, and Irish cops and Swedish and German apple-knockers from the North, on the other. Racial differences, in other words, could have entered into the situation.

Thus an independent Confederacy, perhaps under the leadership of *Führer* Long, might today be holding gas drill and teaching its six-year-olds how to toss hand-grenades, against the day when the embattled Union launched its long-awaited program of vengeance. Or perhaps by now the Southern Maginot Line would have been breached by the Federal forces, and the Confederacy sent down to a shattering defeat before the might of the North and West.

III

In either case, the picture is not an alluring one for those Southrons who, even today, spend their time wishing that the Confederacy had marched on to victory. The Nashville agrarians are among the number, and their ululations concerning the baleful influence of the damyankees over Dixie would fill several volumes. Their deep nostalgia for the resuscitation of ante-bellum modes of life below Mason and Dixon's Line proceeds, in part, from the assumption that the North had imposed an alien culture on the South. Such men as Henry W. Grady and Walter Hines

Page — who sought after Appomattox to put an end to intersectional bitterness, to open vistas of opportunity to the Negro, to facilitate the building of schools and roads, to eliminate illiteracy, hookworm, and pellagra from the Southern scene, and to develop large-scale industry — are regarded by the Nashvillians as having been highly pernicious influences. I cannot pretend to familiarity with all the literature on the subject produced by the authors of *I'll Take My Stand*¹ and their disciples, but I believe I am correct in saying that some of them even object to modern plumbing, and prefer candles to electric lights.

It appears to be their assumption that if the Starry Cross had triumphed, we Southerners should be living today in a wholly different atmosphere from that which we actually enjoy. Although they freely proclaim that Grady, Page, *et al.*, were successful in ruining the South, with the aid of the carpetbaggers and scalawags, they evidently feel that if the South had won, these same individuals could not have carried out their nefarious plans to chase the hookworms out of the country, teach the hill-billies and red-necks to read and write, and erect sanitary privies in the land of moonbeams and magnolias.

I am not so sure. One of the things which contributed most to the

¹*I'll Take My Stand*, by Twelve Southerners. Harpers; New York.

furtherance of the diabolical schemes promulgated by Grady, Page, and their cohorts was the rise of the common man to political dominance in the late nineteenth century. I have expressed the view on another page that slavery would have been abolished during those years, if the South had won the war, and that the "wool-hat boys" would have come into their own. The neo-Confederates from Nashville — or their ancestors, actual or spiritual — could not have prevented these things. The Confederate brigadier and his political and cultural allies, including the whole coterie of Tidewater aristocrats from Virginia to Texas, could not have held back the deluge.

But if I am wrong in these asseverations, then one of the few advantages which, it seems to me, might have accrued from a Confederate victory, evaporates. My thought is that if the South had won and had avoided Reconstruction, its educational, industrial, and agricultural advancement would have been much more rapid than it actually was, and the general cultural level of the population would have been higher than it is. Instead of a bucolic citizenry swallowing every form of fatuity from the Ku Klux Klan to the Supreme Kingdom, and from anti-Evolution bills to anti-Catholic crusades, most Southerners might have been alive to the menace of such inanities.

In order for this to have been true,

however, we must postulate the continued independence and prosperity of the Confederate States. If they had lost that independence to the North in a second war, the region would have suffered another setback comparable to that which it sustained in the 'Sixties. Or if no effort had been made by the United States to deprive the South of its autonomy, it would today, in all likelihood, be lashed to the chariot wheel of Huey Long and wearing such stigmata as must inevitably have accompanied subjection to the hero of the Sands Point wash-room.

! It is almost too much to hope that the Confederacy would have avoided both these catastrophes. If it had been conquered by the North in a return engagement, then it would today be in far worse shape than it is now, since it would have received a terrific reverse fairly recently, instead of seventy-one years ago. If it had managed to avoid this calamitous denouement, it might nevertheless have deemed a great standing army and a huge defensive armament essential for protection against a possible invasion from the North. The potentialities of such a weapon in the hands of Huey Long make one shudder.

Which leads me to the conclusion that perhaps the gods were kind when the gray wave spent itself on the scarred crest of Cemetery Hill, when Gettysburg was lost, and when Vicksburg fell.

IS ROOSEVELT A SOCIALIST?

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

SINCE the inception of the New Deal Administration in 1933, the persistent enigma of Franklin Delano Roosevelt has been his social, political, and economic philosophy. Devotees of all modern schools of thought have trustfully claimed him. He has been hailed by an inspired Italian press during his NRA spasm as the precursor of American fascism. The wishful Professor Raymond Moley and Mr. Allie Freed have persevered, in the face of every rebuff, in offering him hopefully to American business as the archetype of American conservatism. On the other hand, Mr. Stuart Chase, Mr. George Soule, and the American Fabians have envisaged him as the architect of the Planned Society, while Senator La Follette, Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, and Mr. Harold Ickes have dubbed him champion of their own fish-pond brand of Progressivism. Last but not least, Mr. Abraham Cahan, editor of Socialism's leading newspaper, has ecstatically saluted him as Comrade. But surely Dr. Roosevelt cannot be all these things — unless, as hardened critics have suggested, the truth is that he has no social, political, or economic philosophy at all.

At the time of this writing, it can validly be said that the most numerous body of opinion in America is disposed to classify Dr. Roosevelt with the Socialists. Too many parallels between the collectivist program and the New Deal have arisen to permit the plea of coincidence; too many avowed collectivist advocates have soared to dominant office in the Washington hierarchy to leave widespread doubt as to Dr. Roosevelt's intellectual sympathies. The question of the President's political philosophy, therefore, becomes one of historic import. It involves the charting of the whole direction of the future of the United States. Hence, is the Socialist classification justified?

Obviously, if Dr. Roosevelt prefers to be a Socialist, or to ally himself with any other cult of the Left, he has an intrinsic right to do so. No true democrat would gainsay his privilege. If for no other reason than for comic relief, there is a place for Socialists under our democratic institutions. But what is pre-eminently important, in the opinion of the average observer, is that there should be no disguise of Dr. Roosevelt's actual aims if he has indeed decided

to abandon the existing governmental system. To accept the collectivist goal and then to camouflage the purpose by a conspicuous lip-service to the tenets of Jefferson and Jackson, is the frustration, not the fulfillment, of democracy. It smacks unmistakably of political chicanery. If, as many have charged, Dr. Roosevelt is pursuing such a Jekyll and Hyde course with the American people, the fact is of fundamental importance. It is time to insist that the gentleman step forward in his true colors.

The answer to the enigma can be found only in a searching examination of the Roosevelt record. For, in the last analysis, words are merely the small change of democratic politics: the test of the objectives of any President is the test of deeds. Thus, it will be enlightening to review Dr. Roosevelt's regime from the collectivist standpoint. There are two approaches to such an appraisal, both deeply revealing. On the one hand, the President can be viewed as the product of his intellectual environment — an environment of disillusioned ex-Liberals and practicing radicals. On the other hand, he can be studied as the parent of a series of remorseless economic measures, each of which has fatally weakened the American free enterprise system at some strategic point. We will consider him briefly from these two perspectives, and then attempt to answer the question: Do the broad policies which the President has followed,

and the various advisers whom he has chosen, indicate any actual intent to transform the American system into a Socialist order?

II

The most superficial examination of the President's stable of counselors will illumine much which has hitherto been dark in his Administration. For there can be no disputing that a public man inevitably assembles around him intimates who are congenial to his personal viewpoints. The clashing rivalry between these ex-officio persons whom every President accumulates, and his ostensible Cabinet, has supplied one of the interesting overtones of American history. Andrew Jackson with his "Kitchen Cabinet", Roosevelt the First with his "Tennis Cabinet", Woodrow Wilson with his Col. Edward House and Dr. Cary Grayson, even Herbert Hoover with his "Medicine Ball" coterie, are cases in point. But never until the present Administration has a brain trust succeeded in making itself so undisguisedly the mayor of the palace. Hence, the key to many riddles which baffle the American public is to be found in the completeness with which the 1933-36 Brain Trust has succeeded in isolating the President's mind from non-radical influences.

In analyzing the ascendancy of these Leftists, it is perceived that much of their influence traces back to

Dr. Roosevelt's gubernatorial days at Albany. Between 1930, when his vast re-election majority plainly indicated him as a Man of Destiny, and 1932, a group of ambitious radicals succeeded in attaching themselves to the easygoing Governor and in cultivating his gratitude by personal services which made them seem indispensable. One of the catalysts in this process of Roosevelt radicalization was Louis McHenry Howe, a shrewd political hunch-player who sensed the value of radical phrasemakers in the political ferment of the deepening Depression. During Dr. Roosevelt's last two years as Governor, Mr. Howe's door swung hospitably open to all miracle-workers who made the trek to Albany.

The other catalyst was and is Mrs. Roosevelt. It is difficult, of course, to discuss frankly the restless political mind of Eleanor Roosevelt without creating a welter of emotional fury and sentimental misunderstanding. And yet it would be totally misleading to describe the President's intellectual environment and to omit so vital a factor as Mrs. Roosevelt. For the fact is that the Pink circle which has become all-powerful at the White House during the current Administration is composed largely of Mrs. Roosevelt's intellectual cronies, often of long years' standing. The President could not escape them even if he would, because they constitute the social set always around him.

In no other way can the unflagging

favor of the ineffable Harry Hopkins be explained. The architect of the most stupendous failures of the Roosevelt Administration, acid-tongued and incompetent, he has survived pleasantly in a Washington atmosphere which has engulfed abler men. With Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell and one or two other alternate Leftists, he is the President's favorite companion. The secret of the Hopkins ascendancy is to be found in the fact that, early in the Albany days, this then nonentity succeeded in bringing himself to the attention of the Roosevelts and in striking a note of kindred radical dilettantism in the mind of Eleanor Roosevelt. It was Mr. Hopkins who later committed the appalling self-revelation of shouting during a staff meeting of his Washington subordinates: "If there are any of you here who don't realize that this is a fight between the Haves and the Have-Nots, then you have no place in the FERA!" But despite incredible failures and setbacks, Mr. Hopkins is still traveling safely forward in the Roosevelt dispensation.

Dr. Tugwell is another New Deal titan who has succeeded in navigating all the political rapids by virtue of his intellectual entente with both Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt. Since the days of the Wirt charges, Dr. Tugwell has been a growing barnacle upon the Administration, and yet he survives. The explanation is to be found in his telepathic faculty for striking an answering note to the

adventurous radicalism of the Roosevelt demesne. As he once pronounced: "We have no reason to believe that the disestablishment of our plutocracy will be pleasant. These historical changes never are. We have, however, the duty of avoiding violence as the process goes on." This is the classic Tugwell manifesto of political objectives. It is impossible to escape the significance of the fact that, through all his radical escapades, Dr. Tugwell remains unrebuked by the President.

Then there is a second rank among the Brain Trust collectivists, just a little to the rear of the Hopkinses, the Frankfurters, and the Tugwells, which is rapidly being filled with handpicked subalterns. The common characteristic of these appointees is a supercilious disbelief in the old social order, and a willingness to fight a revolution along the devious lines of Roosevelt opportunism. The latest star among the White House kept-intellects, for instance, is Dr. Stanley High, at present ghost-writing the Roosevelt campaign speeches. Dr. High's particular revolt is the "Revolt of Youth", which the oratorical gentleman is still proclaiming although he is now twenty years out of his alma mater. For his labor guidance, the President now leans largely upon a dynamic trade union duo — John L. Lewis and Sidney Hillman. Mr. William Green, whose chief offense was that he was too intimate with President Hoover, has been cast

into limbo. Mr. Lewis, once a conservative Republican, fits in comfortably with the Roosevelt setting now that he has become the uncriticized darling of the Communist Left. And Mr. Hillman, long a supporter of the Socialist Party, has made himself almost indispensable to the President since the beginning of the NRA. In the education field, Dr. John W. Studebaker has come forward rapidly as the Roosevelt intermediary. What first recommended the Des Moines educator to the White House family was his zeal for adult education, a program which has become a convenient catch-all for the various indoctrinating programs flowing ceaselessly from the fecund Leftist sects. The interest which has endeared Studebaker to Mrs. Roosevelt is his Open Forum movement which, with the First Lady's co-operation, has publicized the ambitious Washington Town Hall, where well-fed and evening-gowned New Dealers listen to frightening lectures by Socialist and Communist evangelists.

Another interesting sidelight upon the inner dualism of the Roosevelt radicalism is shown by the marked preference of the Presidential family for revolutionists who come with the reassuring stamp of prep school, college, and *Social Register*. For, try as they may to disguise the fact, the Roosevelts are never entirely comfortable with the rabble which they lead. Theirs is always the radicalism of the élite — a reaching down from

on high to uplift the proletariat. Thus there has been a growth of a little coterie of Palm Beach Jacobins and coupon-clipping *sans-culottes* in the New Deal inner councils, bringing to the Roosevelt Revolution the warm glow of *richesse oblige* and the reassuring atmosphere of accepted clubs.

But before leaving Mrs. Roosevelt, the picture will be incomplete if there is not emphasized the deep conditioning influence upon the First Lady's mind of her early enthusiastic service in the National Consumers' League and the Women's Trade Union League. For years, these dilettante organizations, while scrupulous to avoid Marxian entanglements, have been vestibules to the more extreme movements for many impatient members. An earnest worker in both groups for a quarter of a century, Mrs. Roosevelt was early brought into sympathetic association with such strong-willed women radicals as the late Mrs. Florence Kelley and Miss Rose Schneidermann. It was in these environs that Mrs. Roosevelt discovered Frances Perkins and started her on her amazing journey to the Cabinet. And it was here that she met, among many others, Hilda Smith, who has been the storm center of Mr. Hopkins' office with her incautious experiments in adult education *à la* Communism. It would be a mistake to underestimate the formative influences of these people upon the mind of the young Mrs. Roosevelt. To women of inherited wealth

like herself, the crusading idealism of radical movements supplies a synthetic revolutionary adventure into which they can precipitate themselves, tinglingly but safely, with all the abandon of *après moi le déluge*.

This deep-rooted dilettante radicalism has manifested itself in a tangle of unprecedented activities since Mrs. Roosevelt reached the White House. One day, she appears as a participant in the meeting of the Communist-controlled American Youth Congress. On the next, she is seen as the prodigal giver of funds through which the American Friends Service Committee imports the veteran British Socialist, George Lansbury, for a lecture tour. She authorizes her name as a member of the sponsoring committee of an anti-Mussolini demonstration in New York City to honor G. E. Modigliani, Italian Socialist. She sends a letter of greetings to the Debs Memorial radio station WEVD on its inauguration of the Socialist "University of the Air". She endorses the "University in Exile" of Dr. Charles A. Beard's New School, whose faculty is composed almost exclusively of Socialist and Communist German refugees. Her name appears as one of the contributors to an old-age purse for Henry R. Linville, superannuated New York Socialist. She supplies a human-interest column to a newspaper syndicate in which she chronicles her preoccupation with new proletarian literature and experimental

Left-wing plays. She devotes a day to the Single Tax colony at Arden, Delaware, made famous by the emancipated marital adventures of Upton Sinclair and Harry Kemp. She becomes the ardent sponsor of that most Socialistic of the FERA experiments — subsistence homesteading — and she creates a tempest in the congressional teapot by insisting that the ill-starred Reedsville project be continued, as a competitor of private industry. In her own community of Hyde Park, New York, she becomes the patron of an FERA non-profit experiment, and when her unappreciative town's folk show a disposition to look the gift-horse in the mouth, she drops everything and rushes up from Washington, flanked by Aubrey Williams and the Left-wing veteran, Dr. Frederick C. Howe. In short, she lives constantly in a warm emotional glow, produced by those multiple Left-wing causes which are clamoring shrilly for inclusion under the capacious New Deal tent.

No one has sketched with more graphic pen the political climate of the White House under the dispensation of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt than H. G. Wells. In a recent book ¹, the author describes his visit with the Roosevelts — a description which takes on particular poignancy when it is recalled that Mr. Wells' is the most influential mind in the British Socialist movement:

¹ *Experiment in Autobiography*, by H. G. Wells. Macmillan; New York.

I am not thinking primarily of policies and governmental actions here but of an encounter with a new type of mind. My own ideas about the coming Socialist world-state are fixed and explicit. But they are, I am persuaded, implicit in every mind that has been opened to the possibility of unrestricted change. I do not say that the President has these revolutionary ideas in so elaborated and comprehensive a form as they have come to me: I do not think he has. I do not think he is consciously what I have called an 'Open Conspirator' and it is quite clear his formulae are necessarily limited by the limitations of the popular understanding with which he has come to terms. But these ideas are sitting all around him now, and unless I misjudge him, they will presently possess him altogether. Events are reinforcing them and carrying him on to action. My impression of both him and of Mrs. Roosevelt is that they are unlimited people, entirely modern in the openness of their minds and the logic of their actions. . . . As the vast problems about them expose and play themselves into their minds, the goal to the Open Conspiracy becomes plainer ahead. Franklin Roosevelt does not embody and represent that goal but he represents the way thither. He is being the most effective transmitting instrument possible for the coming of the new world order. He is eminently "reasonable" and fundamentally implacable. He is continuously revolutionary in a new way without ever provoking a stark revolutionary crisis.

Mr. Wells, with a visitor's detachment, indicates the touchstone of Roosevelt radicalism. The revolutionary ideas "are sitting all around him" and will "presently possess him

altogether". They are sitting around him in the ever-tightening circle of the Tugwells, the Hopkinses, and the Frankfurters.

And thus this survey of the Administration comes to that most mysterious chess-mover in Washington — Professor Felix Frankfurter, who is reputedly slated for the next vacancy on the United States Supreme Court. Indeed, no lesser appointment would be commensurate with the power which the Harvard don would surrender in forsaking the freedom of private life. Dr. Frankfurter entered the Roosevelt entourage during the Albany days. When the Roosevelts moved to Washington, the Professor resisted all the blandishments of proffered office in order to remain in his eyrie at Cambridge. But he did better than give himself to the new President. He gave his disciples — a full hundred of them. Trained in the legalistic resilience of the Frankfurter mind, they trooped to Washington to write the new laws.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, who hopes to be the next Socialist Prime Minister of Great Britain, presented a key to the Frankfurter methods on his recent American visit. "It is surprising", said he, "how much can be accomplished by suggesting things in words that do not sound too radical." Professor Frankfurter has never been known to commit himself by a stigmatizing radical word, but he has mastered the art of writing into the gelid language of legality the burning

realities of the social revolution. Just how radical he is remains a subject for conjecture. There are Washingtonians who aver that it is Dr. Frankfurter and not Dr. Tugwell who has been the consistent Leftward impetus behind the Roosevelt Administration. But not being of the book-writing fraternity like Dr. Tugwell, he has given fewer quotable hostages to his critics; he has chosen to veil his beliefs behind the studied reticence of private station.

The radical world, however, knows the Professor gratefully as a fire-tested friend. During the war hysteria of 1918, it was Dr. Frankfurter who risked his political future to champion the I.W.W. His subsequent contacts with the extreme Left have all been in his capacity as a member of the national committee of the American Civil Liberties Union. For many years, his sponsorship has been the most powerful asset which Mr. Roger N. Baldwin has possessed in the conduct of this Red-defending organization. Since the beginning of the Roosevelt Administration, the influence of the A.C.L.U. in a number of the departments in Washington has become incalculable. Whenever Mr. Baldwin needs to get anything done officially for his law-resisting radicals, a letter from Dr. Frankfurter to the highest New Deal factotums is forthcoming. In fact, the Professor, who has lived for days at a time at the White House since Dr. Roosevelt reached the summit, is

known everywhere among radicals as an unshakable friend of the Cause.

Now this necessarily surface study of the Roosevelt ménage touches only a few of the human influences operating upon an opportunistic President. It would be, we believe, an exaggeration to assume that the New Deal chieftain is already isolated with his Leftists. Conservative counselors are still able to break through the narrowing circle and to catch the Presidential ear. But such counselings are usually unavailing. The final Presidential decision, as will be shown in the second half of this study, is almost unvaryingly with the Left. A revealing description of the atmosphere which a non-radical discovers after penetrating the Roosevelt circle, was recently given by Mr. George N. Peek, once a stellar New Deal champion. He declared:

I eventually found that I was not in a Democratic Administration but in a curious collection of Socialists and internationalists who were neither Republicans nor Democrats.

Such is the painful discovery of every trusting soul who still harbors the delusion that one can work with Franklin D. Roosevelt and not accept the theory of a collectivist American order.

III

It was inevitable that the "Recovery" program which emerged from such a setting should have proven to be a far, albeit a tentative, step into the

confused region of socialization. A scrutiny of the successive New Deal policies which have flowed from the fertile minds of the Roosevelt group discloses an almost unbroken sequence of anti-capitalist experiments.

To weigh the historic import of what the New Deal has done to the established American economic system, it will be relevant to review briefly the essential conditions under which a free enterprise system must function. Obviously, any program which suspends or disorganizes these conditions is a flagrant invitation to a Socialist alternative. As viewed now, from the perspective of three years, it would seem that the ineffable offense which the New Deal has committed against the old America has been an epileptic assault upon the basic underpinnings of the established order. At the risk of reiteration, it may be stated that the four imperative conditions for a workable free enterprise system are:

- (1) The accumulation of capital and its uninterrupted flow into private investment channels.
- (2) A free functioning market, undislocated by the rigidities of monopolistic or government price-fixing and controls.
- (3) The protection of private property rights and the maintenance by the State of the sanctity of contracts.
- (4) The existence of a self-reliant producing public.

It is significant that all four of these postulates have been ruth-

lessly violated by the Roosevelt Administration.

(1) It is axiomatic that a capitalist system must be lubricated by an unceasing flow of private investment. When the State supplants the private investor as the primary source of capital, the system ceases to be a capitalist system: it has become a Socialist order. With this truism in mind, it is disconcerting to note that Dr. Roosevelt, by his penalizing corporation surplus tax policy, has indicated his conviction that the accumulation of capital is socially reprehensible. This policy, of course, was originally the brain-child of Dr. Tugwell, who first proposed it in an economic treatise.¹ In the congressional contest over this tax measure, it was significant that the President made the inclusion of high, confiscatory tax rates upon corporation surpluses an unyielding personal issue — an issue which he refused to compromise until it was inescapable that persistence would jeopardize the passage of any tax legislation whatsoever. Confiscatory taxation of surpluses, it is elementary to state, is only a variant of the Socialist share-the-wealth program, and would hamstring private enterprise by expropriating for unproductive political usages the funds upon which industry depends for improvement of its productive technique.

Parallel with assaults upon capital accumulations, the Roosevelt Administration has virtually wiped out the corporate investment market in which private enterprise ordinarily nourishes itself. "In effect", writes the President's friend, Mr. Stuart Chase, "the government has superseded the investment banker in the capital market."

The hollowness of the "pump-priming" recovery which is now in progress is demonstrated by the almost complete non-resumption of private corporation financing. A few figures will illustrate. The normal needs of industry and trade require the flotation of approximately \$8,000,000,000 of new corporate issues each year. In 1929, the extraordinary economic turnover raised this total to over \$11,000,000,000. Even in 1931, in the Hoover Administration, when the Depression had assumedly reached its nadir, new corporate issues aggregated \$2,573,000,000. But the figures for 1935 show the market almost at a standstill. For that year, the total issues were \$2,267,000,000. But even this shrunken figure must be discounted by the revelation that \$1,863,000,000 of this total represented not new issues, but refunding operations undertaken to take advantage of the artificially low interest rates resulting from government rigging of the bond market.

This failure of the investment market to respond to the upward turn of business indicates an un-

¹ *Industrial Discipline and the Governmental Arts*, by R. G. Tugwell. Columbia University Press; New York.

healthy economic condition. It is the result of the utter loss of confidence by American private enterprise in the possibility of productive undertakings under the New Deal. It has been induced by the continuance of reckless deficit financing by the government, and by the consequent conversion of the American banking system into a vast financing pool for government spending. If a method were deliberately planned by Socialist strategists to disorganize liberal capitalism from within, a more certain device could not be conceived than Dr. Roosevelt's subtle destruction of the private capital market.

(2) The President's second major collectivist policy has been the attempted substitution of government price-fixing and production controls for the free movement of commodities. Even before Dr. Roosevelt's advent, the present system was suffering from innumerable dislocations caused by tariffs, monopolistic inflexibilities, and government intervention. These rigidities clogged the free functioning of the system at a thousand vital points. Two choices were before the new Administration: either to relax these rigidities by a restoration of competitive conditions, or to multiply them to the point of destruction of the free market. The one was the method of liberal capitalism, the other the method of the Socialist state. It was Dr. Roosevelt's decision to follow the second road.

The most spectacular of his experi-

ments in price control, of course, was the NRA. Had it endured, it would have frozen the productive system into medieval inflexibility. Even an outright Socialist system would have been preferable economically to this half-measure, for under Socialism, society would at least have the benefit of integrated central planning, whereas the NRA proposed to farm out to organized monopolies in each industry the right to exploit the consumer. Here was price-fixing, wage-freezing, and monopolistic control in its most anti-social form.

But that the philosophy behind the NRA still haunts Dr. Roosevelt's mind, and will probably take renewed legislative form if he is re-elected in November, is evidenced by the zeal with which he has persisted in keeping together a skeleton of the NRA organization, and by his championing of the Guffey Act. The experience of three sterile years has not disabused the President's mind of the virtues of price-fixing.

If the NRA was the most theatrical of Dr. Roosevelt's collectivist experiments, the AAA can accurately be characterized as his most far-reaching advance toward Socialism. Even the Supreme Court repudiation has not deterred the President from going forward in this colossal attempt to regiment American agriculture under the new disguise of "Soil Conservation". His persistence in this experiment, apart from its political expediency, is another reflection of

his unwavering belief in price-fixing. That there is a striking parallel between this vast undertaking, launched ostensibly within the framework of capitalism, and the collective farming program of Soviet Russia has not escaped observant thinkers. Both programs seek to subordinate the farmer to a bureaucratic production program. In both experiments, the individual farmer is left the illusion of ownership after he has lost the reality of control.

But it is in the field of banking that the New Deal has exhibited its most triumphant plunge into controlled economy. It has long been an axiom among Socialists that the first step in the transition from a capitalist to a Socialist society must be the nationalization of banks. Karl Marx emphasized this program; Lenin's first act in Russia was the seizure of banks and the socialization of credit. During Dr. Roosevelt's "Hundred Days", when almost any New Deal coup would have been applauded, he was criticized by the Socialist and radical press because he did not follow up the confusion of the moment by starting to socialize the entire credit and banking system. In the light of subsequent development, it is now plain that such overt socialization was unnecessary. What was important was that the banks be brought under federal control.

The steps by which the New Deal has accomplished this conquest have followed one another with the relent-

lessness of a Greek tragedy. Many of these steps did not require additional legislative authorization. Probably the most important fact today in the relationship between the State and the banking system is the extent to which the solvency of banks has been made hopelessly conditional upon the state of the federal bond market. The whole burden of carrying the federal deficit has been superimposed upon the banks by choking their portfolios with government securities. Today, one-third of the outstanding federal bond issues, aggregating \$12,300,000,000, are frozen assets in the Federal Reserve banks. While the form of private ownership continues, actually the banks are in hostage to the arbitrary will of the government. A direct Socialist program could not have emasculated them more thoroughly.

The passage of the Federal Deposit Insurance Act established another sharp government check upon banking independence. The effect of this act has been to dragoon practically all the state banks into the controlled Federal Reserve system. By placing in the hands of the government the power to give or to withhold insurance, the life and death of thousands of the smaller institutions has been made dependent upon the goodwill of federal bank examiners. A further step in the same direction was the entrance of the RFC into the picture. Under the guise of increasing banking assets, the RFC has become the

owner of stock and debentures in 6981 of the 14,000 American banks. In many of the largest institutions, the RFC now owns as much as one-third or more of the capital structure, with the power to exercise virtual control over the policies of the bank. The curious circumstances under which Mr. Walter J. Cummings, treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, was elevated by the RFC to the presidency of the huge Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Company of Chicago, demonstrates the power of intervention which such stock ownership places in government hands.

And so in the three parallel fields of industry, agriculture, and credit, the purposeful advance of State control continues under the oriflamme of the New Deal. That the Supreme Court has slowed this advance materially by its rejection of the NRA, the Guffey Act, and the AAA has not altered Dr. Roosevelt's direction. After 1937, he solaces himself, there may be a new Supreme Court. And so he moves forward toward that "permanent readjustment of many of our ways of thinking and therefore of many of our social and economic arrangements" which he forecast in his congressional message of January 3, 1934.

(3) A third *sine qua non* of a successful free enterprise system is a reasonable measure of security for the property rights of the individual. In an atmosphere of insecurity, capital

dries up at its source. For this reason, the subtle attack upon property rights which has been implicit in all of Dr. Roosevelt's policies has been an assault upon the motive force of the present order. When the President repudiated the gold clause, he also repudiated the sanctity of contracts. He demonstrated that the fancied protection which the investor enjoys under the Constitutional "due process of law" clause may prove to be a farce in the face of a government ruthless enough to create an "emergency".

Likewise, the concept that in some way profit is reprehensible and that the function of government is to restrict rather than to widen the opportunities of the citizen for profit-making, recurs again and again in New Deal measures. We note it repeatedly in the speeches of the President and his subordinates. When Brain Truster Adolph A. Berle bluntly declared in 1933 that the making of profits was not the chief concern of American industry, he was merely setting the tone for the later Administration pronouncements which were to come. The effect of this persistent anti-profit chatter has been like eroding drops of water upon the rock base of national confidence.

(4) Undoubtedly the most deadly blow which the Roosevelt Administration has dealt the present system has been the mass pauperization of producers under the mask of Relief. Such a blow strikes at the habit of

workmanship which is the flywheel of the social system. While Dr. Roosevelt's experiments have attacked the mechanics of capitalism, his Relief policies have been aimed at the human behaviorism which makes the mechanism workable.

It is an unhappy truth that the instinct of economic self-responsibility burns feebly, at best, in a vast stratum of the American population. It would be Utopian to deny that there are marginal millions in the working population who continue industrious only through the goad of necessity. Even under normal conditions, sociologists are aware of several million wholly or partially unemployable workers who lack the will power or the intelligence to hold permanent jobs; their numbers are reflected in the immense industrial labor turnover. To assure livelihood without labor to this unstable horde is to blunt the incentive which drives them to work. To concede, as Dr. Roosevelt has conceded, that it is the duty of the State to assure a job to every citizen, is to relax the economic compulsion which maintains morale.

How much of vote-seeking demagoguery and how much of plain stupidity there has been in the Hopkins policies of Relief is a moot question. Certainly, if Dr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hopkins had deliberately set out to create a psychological atmosphere which would make a return to normality impossible, they could not have hit upon a better expedient

than the debauchery of Relief. It may secure Dr. Roosevelt's re-election, but the price will have been the spiritual degradation of an alarming proportion of the population.

The extent to which government assistance has been made indispensable to millions who, through every previous depression in American history, have retained their self-reliance, was cited exultantly by the Fabian revolutionist, Stuart Chase, in a recent book ¹. Today, says Mr. Chase, approximately 51,000,000 — forty per cent — of the population are recipients of government benefits and thus have a vested interest in the continuance of public spoon-feeding. He breaks down this total in the following tabulation:

Population on federal	
Relief	22,000,000
Population on local	
Relief	3,000,000
Population supported by regular federal payrolls	3,000,000
Population supported by local government payrolls	6,000,000
Population supported by CCC workers	500,000
Population supported by PWA workers	1,500,000
Total whose chief support is government	36,000,000
Farm population, partially supported	15,000,000
Total	51,000,000

¹ *Government in Business*, by Stuart Chase. Macmillan; New York.

Even if this staggering figure is deflated by as much as one-third, to discount wishful thinking, we have here a human problem which inevitably alters the old equation of economic behavior. It raises a fundamental question: How great a proportion of these subsidized millions can or will contentedly return to economic self-reliance under capitalism? Conversely, how many of them will use their votes to perpetuate the policy of government benefits? The answers to these questions will write the future or the epitaph of American capitalism.

A partial uncovering of the corruption which has festered everywhere under the humanitarian cant of the Hopkins policies is now revealing itself in New Jersey, where a realistic Legislature has returned the Relief problem to the local communities. The transfer has revealed either the hypocrisy or the sociological ignorance of Mr. Hopkins and his radical clique. In every New Jersey community, it has been disclosed that the Relief rolls are jammed with malingerers who have either received Relief fraudulently, or who have made no effort to secure private employment. In Trenton, where the city found itself able to prune the Relief rolls from 21,856 to 6424 without abandoning any cases of actual hardship, the City Welfare director explained the situation by reporting that the former State Relief organization "educated persons to think that

they were entitled to some of the Relief money even if they did not need it".

There is no reason to believe that the situation in New Jersey is any different from that of the other states. From every section of the nation, disclosures of Relief venality have increased during the last three years. It has been demonstrated that Relief, as Dr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hopkins have administered it, has discouraged instead of hastened re-employment. Its effect has been everywhere to increase the army of the parasitic and unemployable. A continuance of this policy through another Administration will mean the permanent transformation of millions of once industrious citizens into a supine voting bloc.

Thus we ascertain that on every basic sector of the capitalist front, the present economy is now beleaguered by the policies of the Roosevelt Administration. It would be straining credulity too far to believe that the New Deal has blundered accidentally into all these collectivist attitudes. That they are the jigsaw patterns of a definite collectivist plan which, however obscure it may be to Dr. Roosevelt himself, is dazzlingly plain to Dr. Tugwell and the other members of the Brain Trust junta, is seen by the recent Tugwellian declaration that "we should succeed for once in establishing a farmer-worker alliance in this country which will carry all before it, which will reduce our de-

pendence on half-way measures, and allow us to carry through those reconstructive ones both in agriculture and in industry without which our nation cannot continue either free or prosperous”.

III

Such is the picture of Dr. Roosevelt as seen through the merciless lens of social, political, and economic revolution. It is not a reassuring picture to those who still believe in the preservability of the American system. Although the chiaroscuro may be blurred and contradictory in many of its outlines, the design is that of a President who has lost his faith in the old America.

It may be, in the phrase of Matthew Arnold, that Dr. Roosevelt is but the symbol of the transition between two worlds, one dead and one powerless to be born. What gives tragedy to his role, however, is that he has come to power in one of those sensitive moments in history when the attitude of a single ruler may be the balance-weight in the death of a world which could be saved. It is important to recognize that what America knows as capitalism is not just an economic mechanism: it is a synthesized body of popular beliefs, a habitized way of looking at economic problems. As long as the people continue to believe implicitly in its workability, capitalism will be indestructible. It is precisely for this

reason that Dr. Roosevelt and his Brain Trusters may be regarded not as the saviors but as the liquidators of the established system. They have chosen to place themselves at the head of the hue and cry against the old America; they have unloosed loyalties which have indissolubly attached the people to the traditional system; they have insinuated into the public mind, by reiterated propaganda, the shattering belief that the old order can no longer endure.

It would be pleasant to think of the President, as some of his admirers attempt to do, as an admirably balanced and objective “Liberal” who employs the Tugwells and the Frankfurters merely as intellectual antennae to keep himself in touch with the radical thought of the times, while making his final decisions in disregard of their importunings. Unhappily, such a picture can exist only in the mind of the press agent. This study of Dr. Roosevelt has revealed inescapably that the President cannot absolve himself from the collectivist obsessions of his subordinates. His mind may not travel as inexorably as theirs on the road to their social visions; he may and probably does recoil at the suggestion that he is actually of the Socialist congregation; but his actions have carried him, bewilderedly but surely, far into the periphery of the New Social Order. The verdict of history will judge him, not by his amiable intentions, but by his duly recorded deeds.

EDITORIAL

Account Rendered

THE occasion of THE MERCURY'S appearance in this new format may serve to introduce a few general remarks concerning the magazine's editorial policy. Frankly, we have never formulated any exact rules and regulations; we have simply operated on the principle that the truth exists to be discovered and published. But inasmuch as the more persistent of our friends and critics continue to demand particulars, we will undertake to put in words the attitude which governs the selection of material for these pages.

Our general reputation, as reflected in other publications, and in the many frank and often stinging letters received from readers, is a puzzling one. The Communists denounce us as Fascists; the Fascists condemn us as Radicals; the New Dealers write in to ask pointedly how much money we are receiving from the Republican National Committee, and dub us, among the names fit to print, degenerate and un-American; while the frowning Reactionaries call us apostles of increased income taxes, high wages, and even Free Love. So that there would seem to be some confusion.

Well, it has probably been ever thus. Anyone who refuses to support a particular political party, to join a certain group of believers — in brief, to paste upon himself a definite label — is always looked upon with suspicion. If, further, such a person is interested in no other pursuit than the discovery of the truth, and if he is engaged at all times upon the business of bringing that truth to public attention, he will gain an almost universal disrepute. For the truth is embarrassing. And, not infrequently, it is intensely irritating.

As a matter of fact, the truth is actually anathema to all men save that remarkable small group which, somehow perpetuating itself throughout the centuries, remains even to this day to irk *Homo sapiens* by recognizing his native absurdity. Just why there should always be a few people in the world who, instead of sliding through life blind and narcotized, advance boldly and inquiringly, always in search of that truth which is so frequently unpleasant and unprofitable, is the eternal mystery. But they do exist; and their purpose may be said to give our civilization its excuse for being.

In America there are such people. To them, such terms as Communist, Fascist, New Dealer, Townsendite, and the rest, are but facile classifications for petty prejudice. The rage of political campaigns, corruption in public office, the blatant egotism of demagogues, the mouthings of evangelists, the venality of money-grubbers, and the imbecility of those who regard themselves as participants in a Class War — all these are to this intelligent minority only dismal symptoms in the case history of a diseased race. Such symptoms are interesting as phenomena, but they are hardly worthy of a moral attitude. The intelligent minority is interested solely in realism: it wants to know the mechanics behind events, the motives behind men. Its technique is that of the scientific investigator; its judgment that of an impartial statistician. Thus to observe without prejudice, to record the actual progress of history, to see the truth unblemished either by the evangelism of the radical, the wishful thinking of the liberal, or the rooted prejudice of the reactionary, has been the special province of this intelligent minority in the past. It is still its proper function in America today.

THE MERCURY is edited and published for the sole purpose of furnishing a voice for such a minority. This magazine has no interest in, or regard for, any political party, labor union, business group, literary clique, religious sect, advertiser, or public offi-

cial. It has set itself always to learn what is going on in the Republic and to report as truthfully as is humanly possible the results of its observations. THE MERCURY recognizes no enemies save fraud, hypocrisy, bigotry, dishonesty, and stupidity. It claims no friends save those who share its views as to the ultimate value of truth.

II

We have often been told that we do not offer enough Constructive Criticism. The usual complaint also mentions something about Tearing Down instead of Building Up. Yet it has always seemed to us that the jobs of creating and criticizing are separate undertakings. We have known few dramatic critics to write good plays, few literary critics to produce first-rate novels, and fewer philosophers who could lead a cavalry charge. It is strange that, in this age of specialization, there should be even a request for someone versatile enough to locate the fallacies in an idea and at the same time produce something better. Anyway, as far as THE MERCURY is concerned, it cannot be done.

It cannot be done because we have no panaceas to offer, no sure-cures for the multiple ills of mankind, no secret prescriptions to bring about a Paradise On Earth. We have always had a sneaking admiration for the sublime assurance with which Dr. Roosevelt undertakes to make over the lives of one hundred and thirty

million people, or that with which Gertrude Stein revolutionizes the rules of English syntax, or that with which the learned Dr. Voliva demonstrates the earth to be indubitably flat. We ourselves have never had such assurance about any plan to better the human race. So that, naturally, we have offered very little Constructive Criticism.

Take the matter of government, for instance. No one can deny that the present government of the Republic is a woefully inefficient one. It is corrupt, grossly wasteful, and largely ineffective. But what are you going to put in its place? Who is to say that any one of the myriad suggested New Systems would be better than the one we already have? There may be some rare genius with the ability so to appraise the unknown; but we doubt it. We are sure that we ourselves do not possess any such ability. Hence we shall probably continue to believe that there is no good government; that no completely successful one has ever been introduced on earth; and that, the human race remaining what it is today, none ever will be.

As for the American economic system, we are satisfied, for much the same reason, to live under a capitalist economy. This arrangement, it seems to us, has provided more people with more benefits than any other scheme so far devised. There may be others better, but their superiority has yet to be demonstrated. It is conceivable that State Socialism may be a sounder

plan, or that a Communist dictatorship would be more beneficent. But we have our doubts. And we certainly can see no good reason for exchanging something tried and proven for something which is a reality only in the minds of little groups of extremely emotional people. There is no denying that capitalism today is rich with abuse. But the modern capitalist seems to be waking up, if ever so slowly, to the fact that his system is worth reforming and defending. If he is successful in protecting it against the collectivist assault, and if he can replace his former greed with a little common decency, the capitalist economy should continue to be as satisfactory an arrangement as can be expected.

In fact, we are convinced that, all things considered, this American Republic is the best place on earth in which to live today. To the patriotic it offers a mighty nation, wealthy, alive, and of considerable grandeur. To the liberty-loving it guarantees a freedom of action and expression that is hardly known elsewhere. To the industrious it promises the possibility of unlimited reward. To the Radical it presents the most fertile ground for agitation ever known to man. To the Liberal it supplies innumerable opportunities for the expenditure of emotional sympathy. To the Conservative, it presages solidity and the quiet atmosphere of the better clubs. To the Reactionary it furnishes every known form of under-the-bed bogey.

And, for one and all, the Republic stages, twenty-four hours a day, the greatest show on earth.

This scene, this picture of multiple and amazing activity, THE MERCURY will strive to report accurately. The facts on all important questions will be presented realistically. Our comments will be succinct and to the point. Neither prejudice nor special interest will ever interfere with our chronicling of the truth. Occasionally, alas, we may fall into error, or publish material unworthy of these precepts; but that will be only because we own a goodly share of the human failings we so often scoff at in others, and not because the integrity of our editorial principles has been weakened. And at all times we shall endeavor to leaven our more serious material with appropriate entertainment.

We hope our readers will approve THE MERCURY's new format; for we believe that this handy pocket-size fits the tempo of modern life better, perhaps, than did the old, standard-sized, more leisurely journal. Our articles and stories will be somewhat shorter, but there will be a greater number of them. And the reduction in price should be more congenial to the purses of citizens who, for many years to come, will be engaged in paying for the New Deal.

Finally, THE MERCURY wishes to express its appreciation to those many friends who have supported the magazine so loyally since the present editor took charge in April, 1935. The circulation of that April issue was 30,573. Of this October issue, just eighteen months later, there are being printed 100,000 copies.



AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

THE rise of Culture in the Far West, as chronicled in the *Daily Gazette* of Berkeley, home of the University of California:

The East Bay Kaza Cootiette Club No. 25, was instituted and installed recently at the Alameda Veterans Memorial Building, by the Circus Bus Cootiette Club No. 23 of San Francisco. Past Chief Grayback Margaret Hubbard was the installing officer. Twenty members were initiated.

The new officers are Eva B. Compton, chief grayback; Alta Mae Cunning, lady louse; Florence Fleming, baby louse; Pearl Charles, scratcher; Caroline Cory, pious louse; Theresa Ham, crummy chaser; Martha Glatt, louse hunter; Elizabeth MacCustland, rustling louse; Ethel Hiniker and Gladys Atkinson, assistant rustling lice; Lucille Bingham, ivory louse; Dorothy Maurer, ink-slinging louse.

BACK from a Manhattan vacation, Miss Anita Loos issues a manifesto on Sunkist beauty to a reporter for Hollywood *Talkie-Talk*:

There isn't a girl in a New York show today pretty enough to get a job as a waitress in a Hollywood restaurant.

HISTORY, revised by the iconoclastic Los Angeles *Examiner*:

Mission Dolores, the oldest church in San Francisco, will celebrate its 160th anniversary today. The mission was founded by St. Francis D'Assisi in 1776.

THE learned Sidney Kaufman, in the astute *New Masses*, proudly boasts that Comrade Clifford Odets has sneaked the Marxian Message into a movie while in receipt of \$2500 a week of Capitalist Gold in Hollywood:

It is pleasant to calculate the total significance of a film which brings into nearly 150 million eyes and ears, closely attentive, Wu's remarks of the struggles of the Chinese peasants: "It is so hard to do right things in the world. We will have to try again. . . . We will find out soon." And Pwe's answer: "We who have been the anvil — will soon become the hammer!" Perhaps the most valuable propaganda in the entire production, considered for its ultimate effect on the movie mind, is Judy's confession in the midst of a traditional kiss-scene: "I'm full of dopey remarks."

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

TEAR-JERKING picture of a lonely New Deal politician, from the gentle pages of *Harpers Magazine*:

One evening, in the residence part of the White House, the President was sitting in the Lincoln Study, where he always works at night. Edward McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, had come over to talk to him about a troublesome strike situation. McGrady walked along the heavily carpeted corridor outside the Lincoln Study. The President did not hear him. As McGrady came to the door, which was open, he glanced inside. The

room was dark except for one lamp on the President's desk, which illuminated his face almost as if in a stage setting. The President sat there, gazing off into space. He was not reading, he was not smoking, he was thinking. And on his face was a look of almost tragic loneliness. A man completely surrounded by people and problems, and completely alone.

McGrady turned and tiptoed back down the corridor.

KANSAS

A touch of earthy humor, devised by an anonymous Republican for a paid advertisement in the celebrated Olathe *Mirror*:

PUBLIC SALE

I will offer at public auction to the highest bidder, at what is known as the White House, Washington, D. C., starting at 10 a.m., on or about —

Jan. 20th or March 4th, 1937

The Following Described Non-Usable Property, To Wit:

One Democratic Platform — has never been used — is therefore as good as new.

One Burr-Tailed Donkey — quite aged and wobbly, but a good eater and brayer.

One Carload Mixed Feeding Cattle — if not shot before day of sale.

Bones of 12 Million Baby Pigs — died from ravages of Three-A bunk.

One Boondoggling Congress — sired by Dictator and Damned by Everybody.

4¾ Bushels of 3-A Potatoes — each and every one stamped and wrapped in roll tissue.

150,000 Bushels Triple A Seed Corn — raised in South America, free from corn-hog blight.

Some Canadian Seed Wheat — fine for re-sowing American plowed-under areas.

One Lot of Alphabet Blocks — extra fine for juggling acts in amateur vaudeville.

One Big Chisel — badly gapped by constant chiseling into public money box, but could be converted into a good garden trowel.

Vote-Baiting Relief Fol de Rols — Grandest collection ever shown under one tent, including down and out writer projects, doll fantasies, tin can daubings, national youth ticklers, \$50,000 ten-cent pension probes, alphabetical tom-tits for making district and regional white collar pads, hat stretchers, self-pinning adjustable badges, Hopkinked electro non-talkable check-grinding machines, etc.

ALL FARMERS WHO EXPECT TO GO BACK TO FARMING IN 1937 SHOULD ATTEND THIS SALE. SPECIAL RATES FOR THOSE WHO WALK.

Terms: All sums of \$10 and under, cash in hand — must be real money — no gold will be accepted. On all sums over \$10, 300 years time will be given to foreigners without interest, while 30 days time will be given to Americans on bankable notes to draw all the interest and taxes they can stand. Every item offered will be a guaranteed product of the Super-Amalgamated Brain Trust League of America, Insolvent.

UNCLE SAM, *Owner*

MASSACHUSETTS

UNDER a three-column headline on Page One, ARTHUR WRIGHT TELLS STORY OF HIS TRIP ABROAD, the learned Cambridge *Chronicle and Sun* describes the gastronomic hardships of an Americano on tour:

It was in Paris that he sampled his first Continental breakfast — it was a hard roll, and "something that passed for coffee." As Mr. Wright dolefully said, "— and we had to travel all morning on a breakfast like that!"

He tried to get along without help in the foreign countries. In a restaurant, he tried asking for a roast beef dinner without consulting a dictionary. He got the order out very well, but the waiter, after profuse nodding, returned with a piece of white fish and a small potato.

"When you go to Paris, draw heavily on your bank account," he warned. "You order a meal, but you find that

a piece of butter costs you 7 cents extra, a napkin 7 cents extra, and a bottle of water 3 cents extra. By the time you put in an order, you have paid highly for your meal." Mr. Wright felt that 2½ hours in Paris was quite enough, although he did like the Notre Dame Cathedral. . . . In Brussels, Mr. Wright had his first real meal — ham and eggs — in an American restaurant.

NEW YORK

THE columns of the alert Nassau *Daily Review* are ornamented by a strangely euphemistic note reporting the electrocution of Everitt Applegate, who murdered his wife, Ada:

DEATHS

APPELGATE — On Thursday, July 16, 1936, Everitt, *beloved* husband of the late Ada D. Applegate.

THE New Literary Criticism neatly disposes of a writer presumptuous enough to have disregarded the rules of Marxian propaganda as laid down by the feverish editors of the *New Masses*:

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY, by Henry James. Modern Library. 95 cents.

All the characters in this book are actuated by purely personal ends and problems, and these on a plane above material difficulties. They belong to a class whose only care is how to satisfy whatever passion chances to possess them; and, American or European, they suffer the afflictions of a decadent civilization. Of the lot, Isabel is the most admirable, partly because she is something of a rebel. . . . The motives assigned to her are too completely of the spirit, and James gives us no inkling that the cards were stacked against her by the social system. He lays her defeat, and that of the others, to merely personal factors, or perhaps to the fact that life is essen-

tially ironic. But at this date we can hardly view character in this light. We see social pressures impelling and thwarting even these economically-emancipated individualists of capitalism's heyday. . . . The novel's interest to us lies primarily in its elucidation on the psychological side of the deficiencies of bourgeois individualism.

KATHERINE ELLIS.

THE Spirit of "Thirty-Six heralds the new type of American citizen, according to the New York *Sun*:

A manufacturer, hearing the tale of woe of a man on Relief, offered him a job. The job was refused.

"Two dollars a week more than I'm getting on Relief ain't enough," the man said, "and I can show you how I'd stand to lose money if I took the job.

"I go to the movies seven times a week. While I'm on Relief I can go in the afternoon, when the admission is 15 cents. If I took a job I'd have to go at night, when it's 40 cents. That's 25 cents more every day, or \$1.75 a week.

"Now in addition to that \$1.75 I'd have to pay 60 cents a week subway fare, and that makes it \$2.35. So, you see, I'd be 35 cents in the hole every week if I took the job."

NORTH CAROLINA

UNSHAKEABLE faith in the joint endeavors of politicians and the Almighty, as revealed in an Associated Press dispatch from Charlotte, Queen City of the Bible Belt:

Alarmed at the prospect of a major disaster, officials today urged residents of the Southeast to pray for an end to the searing drought that has caused a crop loss estimated thus far at \$150,000,000.

"I do not believe such prayers will go unrewarded," said Gov. Olin Johnson of South Carolina, in a formal statement.

Gov. Eugene Talmadge of Georgia,

in urging supplications, asked all ministers to have meetings Sunday afternoon to pray for rain.

Scorching sun and clear skies continued generally over the drought area.

OREGON

MOMENTOUS prediction made by the erudite Dr. J. R. Jewell, dean of the College of Education, University of Oregon:

Within three generations the social, political, and economic center of the world will be located in the Northwest between Victoria, B. C., and Ashland and Medford, Oregon.

SOUTH CAROLINA

PROGRESS of emancipation south of Mason and Dixon's Line, as uncovered by a reporter for an Aframerican press service:

The state democratic primary rules here have been amended so that for a Negro to vote he must be 81 years old, must have the endorsement of ten white men saying he voted for General Wade Hampton in 1876, and that he has voted the Democratic ticket since.

TEXAS

THE famous Billion-Dollar-Smile claims another palpitant victim in Dallas:

HAS SEEN THE PRESIDENT

To the Editor of *The News*:

I've seen the President.

With tears smarting the back of my eyelids, my throat aching and excited gooseflesh on my arms, I've watched him smile his way down the main street of my home city and wave his greeting to me and thousands of my friends.

I've seen the President.

And, womanlike, I saw not just the chief executive of the United States, but the individual — Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the best-loved man in the United States. He seemed delighted to meet us. We were shouting our welcome to him at the top of emotion-choked voices. Dallas was glad to meet the President.

I've seen the President.

Between the edge of a man's shoulder and the spreading hat of a lady, I caught a clear glimpse of the man with courage and strength and understanding sympathy enough to try, against every sort of bickering hindrance, to lift the mountain of depression off the people of his country. There passed the man who has come into all of our homes and talked to us about the things he is trying to do to help us and asked us to help him.

I've seen the President.

I've heard men, as they craned their necks at the disappearing car, say, "He's God-given." Life settles down again and I go back to my desk. But I have experienced something no one will ever be able to take from me. My eyes have been lifted for a moment from my desk and I have been given, for a moment, a share in this man's vision.

I've seen the President.

KATHERINE LUXOR.

Dallas.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS

USSR

THE visiting firemen in Moscow find the Russian *Führer* in an exceedingly generous mood, according to a special dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*:

Seventy-six gun-metal watches and seventy-six gramophones were awarded today by Joseph V. Stalin as tokens of special merit to a group of farmers. These special rewards of honor had attendant privileges, such as *the right to board trolley cars on the front end*.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

Victory By Retreat

GENERAL DE CAULAINCOURT'S memoirs,¹ which have been published recently, give us a vivid sense of the strategy employed against Napoleon by Russia's great deliverer, Prince Mikhail Illarionovich Kutusov-Golenishchev. It was much like the classical strategy of the Scythians, and even more like that which won for the Roman general, Fabius, the surname of *Cunctator*. The Russian policy was laid out on a grand scale. The French invaders were keen for battle, but "that devil Kutusov", as Napoleon called him, persistently refused to accommodate them. Once in a while, to satisfy his subordinates, he went through the motions of taking a stand, as at Tarutino and Krasnoë, but always against his own judgment; and after Borodino, as Count Tolstoi remarks, "he alone did everything in his power to hold the Russian army back from useless fighting". Technically, Napoleon won the battle of Borodino, and all Russia except Kutusov regarded it as a terrible defeat. He knew it was

a great victory, and time proved that he was right. When Napoleon went forth to renew the battle next day, Kutusov was not there; nobody was there; the French found themselves standing in the middle of all outdoors with no one to tell them where Kutusov was, or even which way he had gone.

They pushed on past Mozhaïsk to Moscow, and were disappointed again; no Kutusov, no army, nobody, a deserted city. Then the fire, then presently the Great Retreat, with Kutusov acting as a sort of escort or guard of honor, ushering Napoleon back over the border. There was little fighting, practically none except some occasional irregular warfare waged by roving bands of guerillas and Cossacks; the armies never actually met. Some authorities have criticized Kutusov for dealing so gently with the erring, but the severest critic can hardly help noticing that not more than one per cent of the Grand Army lived to cross the frontier.

My purpose in citing Caulaincourt's book is, first, to suggest that the strategy which Kutusov applied to his peculiar military problems is also applicable by society in a broad

¹ *With Napoleon in Russia. The Memoirs of General de Caulaincourt.* Edited by Jean Hanoteau. William Morrow; New York.

general way to civil and social problems. Indeed, in many instances it is so manifestly the soundest and wisest strategy for society to employ, that any alternative is mere rank foolishness. Then in the second place, I wish to remark the curious fact that in spite of all this, society never does employ it, but on the contrary seems unable even to understand it, as the French were. A few illustrations will make these two points clear, and I will begin with one that is supplied by another book which we have all been looking into lately ¹.

The thing about this book that perhaps most interests the reflective reader is Dr. Carrel's analysis of the physical, moral, and mental effect of our sudden transition to what we call an "arm-chair civilization". Science has flattened out most of the obstacles which nature puts in the pathway to an effortless life; it has largely reduced the routine of existence to a matter of throwing switches and pushing buttons. It now appears that the balance of loss and gain ensuing on this change is by no means what it should be, and that something should be done to redress it.

For instance, Dr. Carrel cites figures showing that in New York State one person out of every twenty-two, at some period of his life, does a turn in the lunatic asylum. In the country at large, new admissions to the asylums come to about 68,000 a year;

and besides the insane, there are 500,000 feeble-minded, 400,000 children too unintelligent to follow the work of the elementary schools, and unregistered psycho-neurotics estimated in the hundred-thousands. Dr. Carrel observes that at the present rate, about 1,000,000 of the children and young people who are today attending schools and colleges will sooner or later be confined in asylums. Some corroboration of all this appears in the statement made recently before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, by a psychiatrist on the staff at Johns Hopkins Hospital, that whereas insanity had never increased more than ten per cent in any decade hitherto, it has increased twenty per cent in the decade now ending. Not long ago, also, a physician who keeps tab on such matters and presumably should know, told me that taking the entire hospital-population of the country in a lump "as is", one patient out of every five is touched with *dementia praecox*.

It does not take many such debit-items as these to bring down the general average of intelligence to a pretty low level. No wonder, one says at once, that our politics, our journalism, literature, drama, our commercial amusements, our views of life, and our demands on life, are so extremely discreditable. No wonder that the vagaries of the New Deal swept the country, and that the Townsend Plan commands signa-

¹ *Man, the Unknown*, by Alexis Carrel. Harpers; New York.

tures by the million. But that is beside the mark. The thing to be observed is that no one has any suggestion for meeting this state of things other than by frontal defense; by building more asylums, elaborating new systems of care and "re-education", perfecting new methods of treatment, and so on. But clearly, even supposing that this strategy worked perfectly in all cases and beat the enemy every time, like Napoleon, it yet does not get society anywhere. The general morale steadily lowers, a progressive debility sets in as it did in the French army, and all the enemy need do is to watch and wait.

But suppose society refused to meet the enemy on his own terms, or on any terms, and simply backed up. Suppose it perceived that a mechanized, push-button existence is enervating and disheveling, perceived that the obstacles and resistances which nature puts up as a bar to easy living are indispensable aids and accompaniments to a collective physical, mental, and moral soundness. Suppose, then, that instead of continually struggling to adapt the race to the fixed requirements of a suspect civilization, it should resolutely back up in its tracks and adapt civilization to the fixed requirements of the race — suppose, that is, that it ruthlessly de-mechanized and de-push-buttonized human existence, and re-erected the hurdles that science has broken down.

This method of dealing with a

social enemy is slow and uninteresting. It is so dead against every accepted idea of "progress" that probably not ten persons in a million could get it through their heads. At first sight it also seems wantonly destructive and costly. On all these counts, therefore, society would reject it as utterly fantastic and preposterous; one can imagine the cries of dismay and resentment that would go up from all quarters if it were ever seriously proposed. Nevertheless one may remember that when Kutusov was through with Napoleon, believe me, he was through with him. Moreover, when he was through, Napoleon also was through, through for good and all. Waterloo was only a *coup de grâce*.

II

Let us shift the discussion to another field. It seems that what we call Big Business has for some time been growing unwieldy. Not only its size and spread, but also the complexity of its relations and the delicacy of adjustment which they entail, make it so sensitive and "kittle", as the Scots say, that it puts a breaking strain on those who manage it. Recent happenings in business seem to suggest that this state of things is disadvantageous and that it ought to be improved; and so far, our efforts to improve it have not been so successful as we hoped they might be, chiefly because our strategy, as always, has

been to meet the difficulty squarely with a frontal defense. At the very first skirmish, society encouraged the government to step in and offer a pitched battle, and it now seems certain that the last state of our campaign will be worse than the first. No social danger due to the original complications has been permanently disposed of, and the effect of the new complications has been merely to introduce new dangers which are far more serious than those which our strategy was designed to avert.

Suppose, however, that instead of trying to meet this situation face to face, society had deliberately backed up, and backed up far enough to be well in the clear of any debatable ground. Kutusov did not only back up on Moscow; he went straight through it and kept going for seventy miles. Suppose society made up its mind to shift its economic structure entirely away from the basis of big business to the basis of small business, and deliberately reverted to the local cracker-barrel stage of industry and commerce. We have all observed, I suppose, the extraordinary amount of pressure that the economic structure of France seems able to stand by comparison with ours. As I write, it shows signs of giving way under the terrific pressure of the last two years; yet it has shown these signs many times before and still managed to hold together. I have heard it said that this remarkable power of resistance is chiefly due to the fact that the

French structure rests on a foundation of small business rather than on big business, as ours does; a foundation of 5,000,000 small-holding landed proprietors, and 800,000 small independent business enterprises. I do not know enough about such matters to be entitled to an opinion on the soundness of this theory, but it looks plausible.

Again, shifting the discussion to the field of politics, we have lately come face to face with some extremely disturbing realities. Our steady progress in centralization, begun in 1789, has brought us to a pass where every American finds himself virtually living for the State. The governmental machine absorbs so much of his earnings that he may now be said to be working mainly for the State; and its inquisitions, coercions, supervisions, regulations, leave him so small a margin of existence to dispose of as he pleases that his status is hardly distinguishable from involuntary servitude. The worst of it is, moreover, that with a century and a half of acceleration behind it, this progress is likely to go on until such vestiges of economic and political self-determination as remain to the individual disappear bodily in a regime of collectivism.

In the face of this prospect, all the proposals for decentralization that I have so far heard of do not go beyond the old-established line of state sovereignty; they contemplate merely a repartition of power between the

largest political unit and the next largest. This is a retreat, no doubt, but a very short one, too short to do any good. Suppose, however, that society should retreat the full distance and lodge the whole sovereign power (which includes the exclusive right to levy taxes) in the smallest political unit — the rural township and the urban ward — thus decomposing our present union of nominally sovereign states into a union of actually sovereign townships.

Absurd as this suggestion appears, or would appear if it were made seriously, there is great interest in remarking that every polity which calls itself republican must finally come to just this, or else give up the republican system as impracticable. As far back as the beginning of the eighteenth century, Montesquieu perceived that a republican system is practicable only in a very small unit; and as we all know, Mr. Jefferson held to the same view — he says in a letter to John Taylor, written in 1816, that “such a government is evidently restrained to very narrow limits of space and population. I doubt if it would be practicable beyond the extent of a New England township”. Absurd as the idea of township-sovereignty may seem, it is not nearly so absurd as the notion that a republican system can possibly be stretched over an area as large and populous as France, Spain, the United States, or even Delaware or Rhode Island. Our self-styled modern republics are not

republics, they are nothing like republics. They are merely the sort of thing, as the great Guizot contemptuously said, that “begins with Plato, and necessarily ends with a policeman”.

This discussion can be extended indefinitely. For example, suppose society should weary of its fruitless efforts to educate the ineducable, and should back up all the way to the severe and sensible selective system proposed by Mr. Jefferson in the plan that he drew up for public education in Virginia. It would mean the permanent closing of at least ninety per cent of our schools, colleges, and universities, and no doubt this would be regarded as a calamity worse than the burning of Moscow. Yet clearly the only alternative is dragging out a hopeless conflict with the unbeatable forces of nature. Today our educational system is a butt for the wit of paragraphs and cartoonists, and deservedly so, for it is based on the assumption that everybody is educable, while the fact before our eyes is that there are not enough educable persons in all New England to half-fill Harvard University; not enough between Baton Rouge and Baltimore to make any profitable use of ten per cent of the facilities available in that area. Doggedly fighting it out on the line of this appalling anomaly “if it takes all summer”, can have but one end.

Yet in such circumstances, this is all that society ever has any idea of

doing. Society never retreats or retrenches except under compulsion, usually of a severe type, such as is furnished by war, pestilence, or famine. Like the French in Russia, it does not understand such tactics, does not know anything about them, and bitterly resents the thought of applying them, even when they are most obviously the only ones that can show any chance whatever of relieving the situation that society confronts.

Well then, since this is so, since society never does and apparently never can apply this strategy, what is the use of talking about it? If the discussion is academic, why waste time over it? For no reason whatever, as far as the average person is concerned, and as far as society, which reflects the capacities of the average person, is concerned. Nothing could be more futile than expounding this strategy to such hearers, and no one in his right mind would attempt it. But though nowadays the average person is glorified beyond all conscience, though he dominates our present civilization and shapes it to his own measure, he is still not quite all there is in the world. The exceptional person does exist—in a sort of Robin Hood existence, perhaps, more or less outlawed, but he exists—and the exceptional person may find that this discussion has some value for him, because he is able to do what society cannot do. He has the *savoir se gêner*,

which the average person, and the composite-average which we call society, have not. That is to say, he is capable of putting effective pressure on himself in a direction exactly opposite to his natural inclinations, for no reason in the world except a sense of the disciplinary value of so doing. He does it merely because he feels he cannot afford not to do it.

So possibly a discussion of Kutusov's strategy may encourage the exceptional person to be still more careful about taking up with many things which our civilization urges on him, and which fall in with his natural inclinations and desires. It may help him to turn a fishy eye on them, to sift them and shake them down, and take plenty of time to decide whether or not it would be better for him in the long run to back up, all things considered. A rising stock market, for instance, or this-and-that attractive gadget of an arm-chair existence, or the New Deal, or somebody's fine plausible prospectus of the More Abundant Life—well, what about it? Inclination and desire urge him to go in for it headlong, but this discussion may help him to take a long look forward and backward on all the offsets, physical, mental, moral, financial, and decide whether it is really worth the price. Nine times out of ten, probably, he will find that it would be money in his pocket, figuratively speaking, to back up.

THE BOOK PREVIEW

In this new department of THE MERCURY there will be presented each month an advance excerpt from an important book scheduled for early publication. This Work in Progress will be the product of distinguished American authors, as well as new writers of promise. Both fiction — such as the extracts from new novels by William Faulkner, John Dos Passos, and Thomas Wolfe, which appeared in the August MERCURY — and non-fiction will be offered here.

LOOSE LADIES OF NEW ORLEANS

From The French Quarter, to be published this Fall by Knopf.

BY HERBERT ASBURY

THE fame of nineteenth-century New Orleans as the gayest place on the North American continent was spread by the ballrooms, the cafés and coffee-houses, the hotels and restaurants, the elegant gambling establishments, and the unrestrained merriment of the Mardi Gras festival. But the fact that at the same time the city was notorious throughout the world as a veritable cesspool of sin was principally due to the prevalence of prostitution, which in turn was due to the tolerance with which it was regarded by the authorities and the people generally. This attitude, eagerly embraced by the American politician

because of the protection it afforded to one of his most lucrative fields of graft, was based upon the Latin viewpoint that prostitution was a necessary evil, to be regulated rather than suppressed; it became such a definite municipal characteristic that it persisted until comparatively recent years. Up to the days of the World War, commercialized vice was the most firmly entrenched phase of underworld activity in New Orleans; it was not only big business on its own account, owning some of the best property in the city and giving employment to thousands, but was also the foundation upon which the keepers of the concert-saloons, caba-

rets, dance houses, and other low resorts reared their fantastic structures of prosperity. By 1870, when New Orleans had a population of approximately 190,000, bordellos of every degree of viciousness, from the ten-dollar parlor-house to the fifteen-cent Negro crib, were running wide open on almost every important street. Except in outlying districts, there was scarcely a block in the city which did not contain at least one brothel.

From the beginning of the American occupation, until open vice was officially abolished some twenty years ago, the bagnios, with little or no concealment, paid tribute to corrupt politicians, the police, and various officials of the state and city governments. The payments divided among the higher-ups varied with the prosperity of the brothels and the rapacity of the grafter; sometimes, especially during a Mardi Gras celebration, when the city was full of strangers and the strangers full of liquor, the rates were as high as \$200 a week for each of the large parlor-houses, and \$20 for the lowest crib. In times of depression, however, the canny politicians not only omitted their regular collections, but frequently advanced money to pay the running expenses of the establishments until business improved, when they shared heavily in the gross income. In addition, particularly during the Reconstruction period, when every conceivable source of graft was

thoroughly explored, the erection and equipment of many of the larger houses were financed by state and city officials and political leaders, and housewarmings were held which were attended by the chivalry of Louisiana politics, the flower having been left at home with the children.

The rank and file of the police force, and the petty precinct officers, seldom shared in the larger spoils which accrued to their political superiors. They imposed their own levies, usually twenty-five cents a week upon each inmate of a crib, and a dollar upon the prostitute domiciled in an elegant parlor-house. Payments for officials and politicians were customarily made through trusted saloonkeepers or civilian agents, although during the reign of the carpetbaggers many statesmen went from house to house making collections. The money for the cop on the beat was left on the stoop on designated nights. There are still many people in New Orleans who recall the days when little piles of quarters and dollars could be seen on the doorsteps of the brothels by early risers; and newspaper reporters who remember when policemen assigned to the red-light districts came into the station houses at weekly intervals with their pockets bulging with coins.

For sheer innocuity, the laws by which the authorities pretended to regulate the conduct of the "woman notoriously abandoned to lewdness",

as the old statutes described the practicing prostitute, have probably never been surpassed in an American city. Prostitution was not *per se* a crime; under an ordinance adopted in 1817, the harlot was subject to punishment only if she "shall occasion scandals or disturb the tranquillity of the neighborhood", when she could be fined \$25 or imprisoned for one month. Such laws, which were seldom enforced, were retained in substance on the statute books of New Orleans until nearly the beginning of the present century.

It was in 1857 that the Common Council passed the extraordinary Ordinance No. 3267, which marked the first and only attempt by an American municipality to license prostitution. Under the law's provisions, a prostitute might live, and a madam operate a brothel, above the first floor of any building in New Orleans if licenses were obtained from the office of the mayor. The annual fees were fixed at \$100 for a harlot and \$350 for the keeper of a *bordello*. Failure to procure a license was punishable by a fine of \$100, half of which went to the informer.

This unique ordinance was signed and adopted by Mayor Charles M. Waterman and the presidents of the Board of Aldermen and Board of Assistant Aldermen—H. M. Summers and John M. Hall. Within the next month and a half, sixteen women paid the taxes and received

licenses signed by the Mayor on engraved forms appropriately decorated with smiling Cupids. The seventeenth applicant was Mrs. Emma Pickett, who paid the fee of \$350 under protest, and immediately filed suit, financed by her sister madams, to test the legality of the law. The courts eventually held the law unconstitutional, and ordered the authorities to return the money which had been collected. Successive appeals having failed, the city abandoned the licensing law in 1859, and not until almost forty years later was a system devised which effectually regulated prostitution.

II

While a score of New Orleans streets acquired a great celebrity as abodes of vice during the Civil War and Reconstruction periods, and successfully maintained their reputations for many years thereafter, the giddy heights of world-wide notoriety were reached only by Basin Street.¹ Although it has long since vanished from the map of New Orleans, the glories of this thoroughfare are still celebrated in a popular blues song, often heard on the radio, which describes it as "heaven on earth", and "the place where the white and the black folks meet". As a matter of fact, Basin Street was never frequented by Negroes, and it certainly was not heaven, though of course

¹ Now Elk Place and Crozat Street.

opinion may differ on that point. But for more than half a century it was the principal artery of the red-light district, a scarlet thread through the heart of New Orleans. On both sides, the street was lined with the most pretentious, luxurious, and expensive brothels in the United States—three-story mansions of brick and brownstone, many of them built with the aid of politicians and state and city officials, and filled with mahogany and walnut furniture, Oriental rugs and carpets, silver door-knobs, grand pianos, carved marble fireplaces and mantels, and copies of famous paintings and statuary.

Only wine and champagne were served in these sumptuous places; the ladies wore evening gowns, and in many houses could be seen only by appointment; and between business conferences in the luxurious boudoirs, the harlots and their gentleman callers were entertained by strolling musicians, dancers, singers, and jugglers who nightly went from house to house offering refined performances. A few of the larger brothels were staffed by as many as thirty women, each of whom paid her madam from thirty to fifty dollars a week for board and lodging, and as much more for laundry and incidentals. The fees paid by customers ranged from five to twenty dollars for one amatory experience and from twenty to fifty dollars if a man wished to spend the night. The

latter prices included breakfast and, if necessary, cab-fare home.

The first of the big brothels was erected about 1866 by Kate Townsend on the present site of the Elks Club. According to an article in the New Orleans *Times* for September 22, 1870, signed "Suffering Property Holder", it was built at the joint expense of a high police official, a Recorder, and several members of the Common Council. "Indeed," the article continued, "we have understood that the lady of an Alderman, who heard that her husband visited the house, resolved to see for herself. She disguised herself and entered the house, where she found nearly the whole city government, with the president of the Board of Aldermen or the Mayor—we forget which—at the head of the table and her husband at the foot." There are, of course, no records to prove either the truth or the falsity of "Suffering Property Holder's" statements, but it is very likely that they were correct, for Kate Townsend was one of the most influential courtesans in the history of New Orleans, and for many years, particularly while the carpetbaggers were in power, her bordello was a favorite haunt of politicians and city officials.

Some of the prostitutes and brothel-keepers who followed Kate into Basin Street remained on that thoroughfare for many years; their names and memories of the manifold elegancies of their establishments are

still preserved in the traditions of the red-light district. A swarthy beauty who called herself Minnie Haha and claimed to be a descendant of the heroine of Longfellow's poem—she is said to have had an oil painting in her parlor labeled "Mr. and Mrs. Hiawatha, Ancestors of Minnie Haha"—opened a swanky place near the Townsend mansion. At the curb in front of the house she installed a huge granite hitching-block equipped with gilded iron rings, with her name chiseled upon it in large letters, and attended by a uniformed Negro boy—he wore a scarlet jacket with "Minnie Haha, Welcome," embroidered on the chest in gold—to take the gentlemen's carriages. For the horses, Minnie Haha provided daily a bag of apples.

A few doors from this picturesque house of sin, Leila Barton operated a brothel which was described by the *Times* in 1870 as "one of the most fashionable palaces of the demi-monde". It was the scene of considerable commotion on March 5 of that year, when, according to the *Times*, "Mrs. H., wife of a well-known merchant, walked in with a new six-shooter and fired at Blanche Russell", an inmate, who Mrs. H. said was her husband's mistress. Only one cartridge exploded, however, and no one was hurt.

Another big house was operated by Kitty Johnson, who was noted for the multiplicity of her lovers. Two of them, Billy Walsh and J. J. Heley,

fought a duel on the sidewalk in front of the house in 1882, while Kitty and her staff watched from the window, and in the kitchen the cook labored over a sumptuous dinner which the brothel-keeper had promised as a reward for the victor. Walsh was mortally wounded.

Josephine Killeen was madam of a brothel opposite Kate Townsend's, where the big attraction in 1870 was the ten-year-old daughter of Molly Williams, an inmate of the resort. Mother and child were sold jointly for \$50 a night. When the police said this was going a bit too far and took the girl away, Josephine denounced their action as an outrage; she protested that the child was simply helping her mother get along in the world. A similar plea was made a few weeks later by Kate Smith, who advertised by chastely engraved cards distributed in saloons that none of the girls in her establishment was more than seventeen years old. In March, 1870, during one of their rare periods of righteous wrath over what went on among the red lights, the police took two young girls from Kate Smith's dive, one of whom said that she had been a prostitute for four years, since she was twelve. The brothel-keeper said the girls were her sister's children, and that they were really entitled to great credit because they gave all their earnings to their mother and visited her every Sunday morning.

Another Basin Street establish-

ment of more than ordinary notoriety was the three-story brick mansion known as Twenty-One, which was operated by Hattie Hamilton, the mistress of Senator James D. Beares. Hattie had so impressed the statesman Beares with her beauty and skill at harlotry that he took her out of a resort of vice, bought her fine raiment, a red-wheeled carriage, and a matched pair of high-stepping horses, and installed her in style as the madam of 21 Basin Street, which she staffed with a score of beautiful and accomplished bawds. Under her expert management, Twenty-One became almost immediately one of the most popular brothels in the city, and for a while, owing to the influence of the Senator, seriously threatened to usurp the place of Kate Townsend's resort in the affections of the politicians. Once Twenty-One was in good running order, however, Hattie left its affairs largely in the hands of a housekeeper and began to spend much of her time at the home of Senator Beares on St. Charles Avenue, where she posed as his wife, and where they indulged in protracted drinking-bouts. On the night of May 26, 1870, the Senator and Hattie began drinking heavily after dinner, and several times during the night Beares' Negro butler, Robert Phillips, heard them scuffling about the room. About dawn the Negro heard a shot, and a few minutes later found the Senator lying on a couch dying from a bullet-

wound, while Hattie sat in a chair and regarded him with drunken gravity. On the floor between them was a pistol, which disappeared during the next few hours and was never found.

Subsequent procedure in the case was declared by the *Times* to be "altogether irregular" and was never satisfactorily explained; the investigation was finally dropped entirely. The general belief was that Hattie had become privy to so many of the Senator's secrets that his friends and relatives couldn't afford to go further into the circumstances of the killing. Business fell off at 21 Basin Street following the death, and after a year or so Hattie sold the resort. She died at Old Point Comfort on August 9, 1882, leaving \$719.20 as the total profits from a lifetime of vice.

III

Kate Townsend was perhaps the most celebrated of them all. In her later years she suffered from a glandular disorder and became grossly corpulent; she weighed 300 pounds when she died; but when Kate came to New Orleans, at the age of eighteen, she was an exceedingly handsome girl with a fine figure, and is said to have been the most popular young strumpet of her time. During her early years "on the turf", as the saying went, she was both thrifty and ambitious, and about 1863, when she was twenty-

four, she was able to build the three-story palace of marble and brown-stone at 40 Basin Street, which was probably the most luxurious brothel that ever opened its doors in the United States. For her own occupancy, Kate reserved a suite of large rooms on the Common Street side of the building, on the first floor, which she equipped in magnificent fashion at a reputed cost of \$40,000. The fireplaces and mantels were of white marble, and the furniture, upholstered in rep and damask, was of polished black walnut, as were the woodwork and the floors, which were covered by rich velvet carpets. Even the bedroom utensil common to the times is said to have been heavily gilded.

The house was furnished with the same gaudy magnificence; from cellar to garret there was a profusion of gilt, plate glass, velvet, plush, and damask. The building and its contents were said to have cost well over \$100,000, and that at a time when two dollars a day was a high wage for a carpenter, and when other labor, as well as materials, was correspondingly cheap. And the manner in which the brothel was conducted was in keeping with its appointments. Elegance and an excessive formality formed the keynote. High-class trade only was encouraged, and the rowdies who occasionally invaded the refined precincts were ejected by Kate in person; she was not only very strong, but when

aroused was a fierce fighter; throughout her career as a madam she acted as her own bouncer. The number of girls regularly on duty — each had one day off a week, which she usually spent at the theater or drinking in the cafés with her “fancy man” — varied from fifteen to twenty, and every one of them was a lady to her fingertips. Evening dress was the rule, and bawdy behavior was prohibited; a spade was never a spade in Kate Townsend’s bagnio. When a gentleman arrived he was met at the door by a uniformed Negro maid. If he was one of the steady clients, he was ushered into the drawing-room, where he was expected to buy wine — at \$15 a bottle — for the assembled company. If a stranger, he was shown into an ante-room and questioned by Kate, who also drank a glass of wine with him — at the modest price of \$2 a glass. If his credentials were in order, he was escorted into the drawing-room and formally presented to the ladies by his full name and style. If one of the girls struck his fancy, he communicated his desires to the madam, who conferred with the lucky strumpet. If the latter was willing — and there is no record that one of them was ever otherwise — she discreetly retired to her boudoir. Thither, after a seemly interval, the gentleman was conducted. The tariff for such an adventure was \$15, although a few of the more popular bawds received twenty. Kate herself was occasionally

available for the entertainment of a particularly distinguished client — at a price which is said to have been \$50 an hour.

The house suffered a severe though temporary setback in 1870 when Gus Taney, a young gambler who was noted for his personal armament — he habitually carried a derringer, a revolver, a bowie knife, a sling shot, and a gimlet-knife — was murdered in the drawing-room by Jim White, also a gambler. White stabbed the heavily-armed Taney in the heart with a knife — it had a nine-inch blade — which he carried beneath his armpit. The revolver was found on the floor by the police, who gave it and the knife to Kate as souvenirs. Thereafter she slept with the knife under her pillow and carried it in her reticule wherever she went. It was the weapon with which she was herself finally murdered by Treville Egbert Sykes.

The morning after her murder, the *Picayune* published an account of the tragedy under these headlines:

CARVED TO DEATH!

TERRIBLE FATE OF KATE TOWNSEND
AT THE HANDS OF TREVILLE SYKES
WITH THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF A
BOWIE KNIFE

HER BREASTS AND SHOULDERS LITER-
ALLY COVERED WITH STABS

The body of the famous madam, attired in a \$600 white silk dress, trimmed with lace at \$50 a yard, was laid out in the drawing-room, and

at the funeral all the furniture was covered by white silk instead of the usual linen. Champagne was served to the guests in accordance with Kate Townsend's request. She was buried in a \$400 casket, one corner of which bore a silver cross inscribed with her name. The body was followed to Metarie Cemetery by twenty carriages. There was not a man in any of them.

IV

After the abandonment of the curious licensing law of 1857, the authorities of New Orleans made no real attempt to control prostitution until early in 1897. On January 26 of that year, the City Council passed the famous ordinance introduced by Alderman Sidney Story, which set aside a considerable area in the old part of the city in which prostitution was to be permitted but not actually legalized. It was prohibited in the so-called American section, and the law thus spelled the doom of the gaudy brothels on that part of Basin Street which lay south of Canal Street, although North Basin Street continued to be the most important of all the thoroughfares devoted to vice.

The area thus determined upon as a quasi-legal red-light district comprised thirty-eight blocks occupied solely by brothels and assignation houses, and by saloons, cabarets, and other enterprises which de-

pended upon vice. By the middle of 1898 the new district, popularly known as Storyville, was operating full blast under the sheltering arm of the law, and particularly under the protection of Tom Anderson, a politician and saloonkeeper who was the big shot of brotheldom of the period. In theory, the bordellos of storyville were safe from interference by the police, but sensible madams and crib girls continued the custom of leaving money on the doorstep.

Within a few years Storyville had become the most celebrated red-light district in the United States. Within its confines flourished such celebrated madams as Josie Arlington, Countess Willie V. Piazza, Lulu White, Gertrude Dix, and Emma Johnson, whose establishments lost little in comparison with the mansions presided over by the Kate Townsends and Minnie Hahas of an earlier day. Despite the activities of various groups of suppressionists, the experiment was operated success-

fully for some twenty years, during which time there was comparatively little vice outside the prescribed area. The day when a New Orleans family might awaken any morning to find that the house next door had been transformed into a brothel ended with the adoption of the Story ordinance—and didn't return until Storyville was abolished by order of the War and Navy Departments in 1917.

The last of the prostitutes were driven out of the district at midnight on November 12, 1917, and a few days later, leading churchwomen and members of the Louisiana Federation of Women's Clubs held a meeting and appointed a committee to aid their fallen sisters. But none applied for succor. Few needed it, in fact; they had simply moved from Storyville into various residential and business sections and were doing very well.

For that matter, they still are today.



(NEXT MONTH — *Book Preview of Fighting Angel, by Pearl S. Buck.*)

THE LIBRARY

Diseases of the Great

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

IDOLS AND INVALIDS, by James
Kemble. \$3.00. *Doubleday, Doran.*

CHARLES the Bold was a splendid prince, the magnificent heir of a sovereign house, dealing familiarly with kings. He was of fine person and address, and comparable, in cultural interests, to the Italian lords of the Renaissance. In statecraft, his intelligence was sufficient to exact the most elaborate counterskill from the foxy Louis XI, and his designs were broad and high. His direction of events was distinguished—up to a certain point. But then, as the situation delicately approached fruition, he invariably blew up, and destroyed his own schemes by headlong folly. It was with reason that they called him the Bull of Burgundy.

The explanation of this fatal defect in his character surely lies in the note on the silly skirmish outside Nancy, after the disasters of Granson and Morat, where some casual pikeman cut him down, like any greasy mercenary. For it is related that, when his people came to look for him, they found a hacked and naked

carcass, half eaten by wolves, frozen in a ditch (it was about Christmas time, and bitter weather) and only by the decayed teeth were they able to identify the mortal remains of the great Duke of Burgundy. . . . You realize that the poor gentleman's grinders hurt him every day of his life; and how can you preserve a just diplomatic balance through the mazes of negotiation, when your maxillaries are jumping with hot wires of pain, and your half-chewed ration ferments in your stomach? There were immense possibilities in the House of Burgundy—but the fifteenth century lacked the refinements of dental science.

On the other hand, the annals are bright with important achievement by the halt, the maimed, and the ailing. Plutarch details considerable chronic suffering among the worthies of classical antiquity. Montaigne's gravel runs through all his essays: it may well have been the affliction that drove him into retirement and philosophy. Pepys had the stone, and was cut for it before the days of anesthetics. Samuel Johnson was scrofulous

and bloated with digestive deficiencies. The great Frederick was a conspicuous sufferer from hæmorrhoids. Gibbon had one of those unfortunate afflictions, too delicate to mention, but an endless nuisance. Lincoln was habitually constipated.

The list is endless, and not far to seek. Consider one group: the mighty men of arms, assumed in the very nature of their profession to be physically fit. Julius Caesar embarrassed his suite by throwing epileptic fits on inconvenient occasions. Napoleon picked up a skin disease, most likely scabies, at Toulon, and was never free of it; and he had cancer. Lord Nelson, the best day of his life, could never have passed the physical examination applied annually to officers of the United States naval service. The ablest of the Marshals of the Empire was Davout: yet he was so near-sighted that any American army surgeon would have firmly rejected him.

Of the generals of the Confederate States Army of Northern Virginia, in the days of its clanging victories, Stonewall Jackson endured persistent ill-health, and his recorded symptoms suggest duodenal ulcer. Ewell, who inherited the Second Corps after Chancellorsville, was dyspeptic, and subsisted on frumenty. Ambrose Powell Hill, most brilliant of combat officers, was frail and probably tubercular. Malone, another of the good ones, could not digest solids, and nourished himself on the milk

of his fine Guernsey cow, which accompanied him on all his marches. And Grant, it should be remembered, produced a fluent and admirable military narrative in the last days of his life, while the evil that killed him was gnawing at his throat. The writing of his *Memoirs* was as fine an achievement in the realm of the spirit as was his victory in arms on the Virginia front. And all these most valiant captains had around them perfect physical specimens, who were forgotten before the grass had time to grow on their graves. Indeed, the publishing lists do not lack scholarly fellows who would show, giving chapter and verse, that genius harbors in a deficiency or an excess of the ductless glands, and that inspiration may arise from the rumblings of an abdominal complaint. All of that bases on history; and history is like the Bible; you can set up your thesis and prove or disprove from its archives practically anything.

Dr. James Kemble is a distinguished physician, as the letters after his name indicate, and also the circumstance that he finds himself able to write of medical and surgical matters in language the layman may understand. Between the covers of *Idols and Invalids*, he assembles a notable company, Epicurus being at one end of it and Lord Byron and Beau Brummel at the other. His sources, he assures us, are original sources, and his work is sufficiently documented. If some of his chronicles

are on the scandalous side, I believe he has set himself the mission of showing, not the irregularities of famous men and women, but the whimsical and tragic halter ropes by which the flesh checks the vaulting spirit; and, further, the manner in which a chance pregnancy or a royal spirochete has drastically diverted the stream of progress and altered national destiny. Thus, episodes as intimate and personal as a night of love, and other circumstances polite folk do not mention, have touched the springs of vast events.

The first of the fifteen essays deals with Byron, who was born with a clubfoot, although the records show surprising disagreement among his family and friends as to which foot was deformed. Arms was the tradition of his house, but that career was closed by his affliction, and he felt inferior. Therefore he drank deep, made music that endured, and loved many women, and hunted notoriety all his days. In his thirty-sixth year he posted east upon an abortive military adventure, and died in a mean Greek town, not romantically, of fever induced by his martial toils, the way the popular story runs, but — as Dr. Kemble shows — of uremia, the disease that waits for free-livers of twice his age.

The tragedy of Columbus, this writer finds, was syphilis. The gentle natives of the New World could not stand before arquebus and culverin, but they communicated to their con-

querors and destroyers a trouble more dreadful than all the ordnance of Spain, and the revenge they had was terrible in Europe. Within two years of his first voyage, in 1492, the Admiral of the Ocean was himself recording unmistakable symptoms, and this doctor considers him already in the secondary stage. It has been the fashion to accuse the Spanish authorities of gross cruelty and callousness in their treatment of the Admiral; how, when he went out in 1499 to govern the Islands, they appointed a new governor, Bobadilla, who deposed Colón and sent him home in chains, to die presently in obscure misery.

Not at all, says the Doctor, in effect: the Admiral's reports and *relaciones* were such as to justify doubts of his competence, there being auditory hallucinations and delusions of grandeur in his correspondence: and as for Bobadilla putting his person under restraint, such measures were very likely necessary to his safety. This, at least, is new material, most plausibly presented.

There is a chapter on the Borgias, the Pope Alexander; his lovely daughter Lucrezia, whose husbands had a way of dying, and who, they whispered, enjoyed more than paternal affection from her father; and of Cesare, the hope of that great House. But Cesare, also, as early as 1500, has his share in the cargo of the caravels from Hispaniola, madness begins to color his actions, the Borgia fortunes

decline; and Dr. Kemble thinks Cesare most fortunate that he got himself killed in a cavalry contact before he had time to develop general paresis.

Henry VIII has his place in the category, and some unusually kind words. He was huge, blond, and handsome of body, and, thinks Dr. Kemble, a fellow of unusual intellectual endowments, ambitious, and abundantly energetic. With these qualities went a volatile appreciation of feminine charm; and it is in no way strange that a spirochete should have been received into his royal blood very early in life. A conscientious and responsible monarch, Henry acknowledged the obligation to provide an heir, and for eighteen years lived in exemplary wedlock with his wife, Catherine of Aragon. Her multiple pregnancies were proof of their mutual affection, but resulted only in multiple still-births. The one surviving child was a sickly girl, bearing the stigmata of hereditary syphilis, whom history knows as Bloody Mary. When there was no more hope in Catherine, the King put her away — some discussion of the Oedipus complex here — and took Anne Boleyn, who produced Elizabeth, and so much scandal that there was no great popular disapproval of her subsequent execution.

There had to be an heir, and Jane Seymour followed Anne, bore the puny infant who became Edward VI,

and died; and Henry considered himself cursed of God. Afterwards, thinks this annalist, he was indifferent to matrimony. The union with Anne of Cleves was political and never consummated, Henry swearing that he would have no traffic with that white Flemish mare. Catherine Howard was a bad lot, and Catherine Parr was a kind nurse to an ailing old man, who died in the routine course of a syphilitic infection. Hence, observes the Doctor, the passing of the Tudor line, the arrival of the Stuarts, and the House of Hanover. Not a cruel man, Henry, nor especially lustful, he insists: just afflicted.

Of Nelson's malaria, typhoid attacks, high blood pressure, and other malaises, there is extensive discussion; and of Mary, Queen of Scots, also. Cleopatra is presented as a case of inbreeding, by way of tilting at the popular misconception of consanguinity. Through five unbroken generations, her ancestors were brother and sister, or, at the farthest removed, uncle and niece; and she herself was in all respects a superior person. There are as many more studies, all readable. Food for reflection lies in this: the keenest brains, the finest minds, the most elevated aspirations, all stand fatally at the mercy of some unconsidered maladjustment of the body. In a world increasingly dictator-ridden, the thought is both interesting and disturbing.

Young Men See Visions

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE LIVING JEFFERSON, by
James Truslow Adams. \$3.00.
Scribners.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN,
by Wayne C. Williams. \$4.00. *Putnam.*

JOHN REED, by Granville Hicks,
with the assistance of John Stuart.
\$3.50. *Macmillan.*

AMERICA responds to the call of young men. The American Revolution was essentially a young man's job. The voice of the Revolution was Thomas Jefferson who, more than anyone else, was responsible for the clarion call in the Declaration of Independence, proclaimed when he was thirty-three. Jefferson for a generation was the ideal of the young revolutionists: his vision of political democracy was a libertarian symbol in the hearts of his countrymen for a hundred years after his famous declaration. Four generations of young men were thrilled by the Jeffersonian doctrine, and so deeply imbued was American thinking that Jeffersonian political liberty became confused with freedom. Men said the ballot box, the rights which go with a free discussion of public affairs, a free press, free speech, the right of assembly, and the right of a free conscience, when combined with the writ of *habeas corpus* and trial by

jury, were enough to insure prosperity to any people. Jefferson in American politics embodied all the age-long struggle of the English-speaking people for what they regarded as freedom under liberty.

This young Virginia revolutionist has found in James Truslow Adams an adequate biographer. Probably no other author has studied the Jeffersonian period, the first generation following 1776, so carefully and so intelligently as Mr. Adams. Other biographers have studied the period as it affected Jefferson; those who have written of him before have made him more of a hero and less the exponent of an ideal. But because Mr. Adams has pursued his research when he was writing about other men and other movements in Jefferson's time, his biography is less a hero story and more a scientific account of the growth of an ideal.

Yet there does emerge from this book a shining youth, a spiritual hero as authentic as any of the great mythical characters of modern history. The reader feels the glamour of the young Jefferson. He shares Jefferson's wrath at the tyranny of the British government. The reader feels the grip of the struggle which Jefferson entered, the dangers he faced, the triumphs he realized, the satisfactions that came to his maturity and declining years. But these are only stage properties which affect the dramatic rise and eventual victory of the democratic ideals of liberty under

law, which Jefferson embodied. Probably when he went to his reward and found his pedestal in the Hall of Fame, he had no other idea than that liberty under law was enough.

Fifty-three years later there appeared another young man with something of Jefferson's flair. This nineteenth-century Democrat burst full-panoplied upon the Convention of 1896 with an emotional appeal for economic freedom. William Jennings Bryan, when he took his national leadership at thirty-six, was three years older than Jefferson at the Constitutional Convention. Bryan made the Democratic Party the party of economic liberalism; and barring one quadrennium held it so for twenty-four years. He brought to the national arena the Populist ideals of a greater political liberty for the masses, the direct election of United States senators, the primary, the recall, the initiative, and the referendum. These were called "weapons of democracy", and one heard in every country school the famous phrase of de Toqueville: "The cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy." All the young men of the South and many from the West in the late 'Nineties strove to Bryanize their politics. They became emotional barnstormers for economic freedom and for political liberties.

Mr. Williams' book about Bryan reveals this young gladiator of reform in all the glory of his morning

years. The flashing eye, the mop of black hair, the stalwart figure, the mellifluous high baritone voice, the fanatic's jaw, the kindly countenance, all these are uncovered bit by bit if not ever put together statuesquely. His book is a tribute, not a criticism, of Bryan, but he has done a tremendous amount of patient, intelligent, even if devoted research. He has gathered material which no one else before him has found. All of it is significant; some of it is new and important. His figure does not glow as Werner's Bryan nor does it glare defiantly under maledictions as Hibben's Bryan quarrels with his biographer. Mr. Williams' book is a literary laurel wreath at the foot of a heroic statue.

Bryan politically perished with the World War and the issues following. In the War, that small section of America which organizes its commercial greed was rampant. It covered its political aggression with the cloak of patriotism, which was naturally fashionable. A definitely conscious plutocracy emerged after the Armistice. It launched a determined militant attack upon Jeffersonian ideals. Free speech in the post-war period was limited to Sunday-school topics and pink tea conversation. Red-baiters hunted down young men and women of inquiring minds. The Russian Revolution had scared the ruling classes in America into gibbering fear. In those years and out of those times, John Reed found

his first small fame. His vogue of course was not national. He was no Jefferson, no Bryan. Beyond the Atlantic seaboard he was scarcely known except in his home town of Portland, Oregon, where his parents were well-to-do, upper-class Americans—being what young John would have called the bourgeoisie. In the first five years of the new century, Reed allied himself with the popular and fairly respectable magazines of protest which were more or less supporting the policies of Theodore Roosevelt, of La Follette the First, and rather gingerly the Bryan program.

Young Reed had gone through Harvard. He was a social favorite, a good dancer. He appeared on the lists of nice boys at debutante balls in Boston. His social background was not unlike Jefferson's. He came from the best people. In college and in his first postgraduate years, he knew the young economic protestants of his day—his classmates and fellow workers. In the New York magazine offices he met young Liberals. They spoon-fed him, reared him politically. Lincoln Steffens sent him to Paterson, New Jersey, to report a strike of silk workers. He came back a Socialist. He had a writing gift. He became a magazine writer, chiefly a reporter of facts, but he had broken away from his Liberal associates. Jefferson he found inadequate. Bryan's creed did not satisfy him. When the Russian Revolution came

it enthralled him. He went to Russia. He joined the Revolution not as a writer but as a protagonist. He gave to it his heart and soul. He came home in the Red-baiting days of Wilson and Harding, to preach Communism. He was scorned and rejected of men, went back to Russia, died of typhus, and lies buried today in the Kremlin wall, revered there as one of the minor heroes of the Revolution.

Since his death Reed has become in America the stuff of which myths are made. To thousands of collegians he is the Jefferson of the New Economic Order. He has pushed forward a new frontier. In that area, Jefferson is anathema. Liberty is a mockery. Yet in a sense Reed and his followers are the products of political and social evolution. They grew out of the repression of the times, the denial of Jeffersonian liberty rather than its failure. This denial of liberty, as evidenced in super-patriotism, in Red-baiting, in a dozen repressive movements, has reacted curiously upon the disciples of John Reed. They do not fight to restore political liberties, but scorn the whole set-up of parliamentary government because of its faults. They, like Jefferson and Bryan, are young crusaders. They are following a young man's vision. In America they compose a small minority—politically negligible. Reed as a hero, although satisfying in the hearts of his few followers, has never become

nationalized. But his disciples constitute a minority sufficiently devoted, sufficiently widespread to form a cult. Those who believe in democratic forms in government feel that this cult that scorns parliamentary government is a dangerous cult. Reed and his kind will confront Jefferson and his kind in America during this century. They will fight it out. The fundamental democratic compromise at the end of the inevitable conflict will be the New America of the New Era.

Mr. Hicks has done great service to Reed and his memory. Mr. Hicks himself is an academic philosophical communist. He writes beautifully. From his premise he thinks straight. He has made a consistent hero picture and probably has not seriously distorted his facts. Out of his book rises a noble figure, for his hero has

the tremendous advantage of the benediction of death in youth. Neither Jefferson nor Bryan was granted this boon of fate. As a recompense for the years denied to him in some distant day when the ideals of Jefferson and Bryan have been modified by great world movements, when political democracy has worked its way into economics, this Communist Hyperion, because he died when he was an aspiration rather than achievement, may survive in his own land as he lives in the Soviet Republics, a shining mythical youth. If he does he will owe much to this biography.

Mr. Hicks' book, in this triumvirate of hero stories, is the artist's story; Mr. Adams', the political philosopher's tale; Mr. Williams', the hero worshiper's compendium of useful knowledge. They are three good books.



THE CHECK LIST

★★★★★ indicate a book of exceptional and lasting merit. ★★★★★ a distinguished and valuable work. ★★★ a readable and engaging volume. ★★ a fair performance. ★ an unimpressive book, but with some minor characteristic of value. The absence of stars may be taken to mean the absence of merit.

BIOGRAPHY

★★★★★ PREFACE TO THE PAST, by James Branch Cabell. \$2.50. *McBride*. Literary autobiography of one of the Republic's most pungent thinkers and finest stylists.

★★★ FROM A SURGEON'S JOURNAL, by Harvey Cushing. \$5.00. *Little, Brown*. A day-by-day record of the experiences of a famous American surgeon behind the fighting lines in France, 1915-1918.

★★★ AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY, by Victor Heiser. \$3.50. *Norton*. The remarkable personal narrative of a medico who, backed by the Rockefeller Foundation, for more than thirty years has roamed the world, applying his skill and knowledge to prevention of disease.

★★★ HITLER, by Rudolf Olden. \$3.00. *Covici-Friede*. A blistering biography of the *Reichsführer*, written with the thesis that, first, Hitler is not a great man but a shifty adventurer, and second, that his regime is doomed by reason of economic problems.

★★★ HITLER, by Konrad Heiden. \$3.00. *Knopf*. Another biography on the same theme as Herr Olden's. Both authors commit the inconsistency of recognizing Hitler as the world's master of propaganda while attempting to prove that there is nothing to him.

ROBESPIERRE, by G. J. Renier. \$1.50. *Appleton-Century*. The sea-green Incorruptible looking foolish and ineffective.

FICTION

★★★★★ PEOPLE ARE FASCINATING, by Sally Benson. \$2.50. *Covici-Friede*. Extraordinarily penetrating sketches and short stories by a gifted new writer.

★★★★★ SOUTH RIDING, by Winifred Holtby. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Presenting an excellent picture of local government in Yorkshire and its effect on the community, this is one of the best of the stylish novels dealing with sociological problems. A thoroughly accomplished piece of writing.

★★★ SAN FELICE, by Vincent Sheean. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. A carefully prepared and well-written historical novel describing Bourbon Naples and the ill-fated Republic of 1799.

★★★ GONE WITH THE WIND, by Margaret Mitchell. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. Anthony Adverse with a Southern accent. Overwritten but interesting in part.

★★★ HEAD O' W-HOLLOW, by Jesse Stuart. \$2.50. *Dutton*. Genuine stories of the Kentucky hills, written by a young man of fine talent. Much of the writing is unfinished and rough; but in other parts of the book will be found a consummate skill with words and an impressive poetry. The author gives every indication of developing into a story-teller of unusual power.

★★★ HERE LIES A MOST BEAUTIFUL LADY, by Richard Blaker. \$2.50. *Bobbs-Merrill*. An egotistical husband drags his unusually patient wife from Canada to the Caucasus in search of oil. The clear and rugged style—a new departure for an English novelist—makes the lively story more than readable.

★★★ GUNNAR'S DAUGHTER, by Sigrid Undset. \$2.00. *Knopf*. The novel's characters, though heroes and heroines of the Viking age, become (thanks to artful writing) modern men and women. An entertaining and engrossing story.

★★ THE OLD MAN'S COMING, by Gosta Gustaf-Janson. \$2.75. *Knopf*. Interspersing reality with mysticism, the life-story of a Swedish family presents well-drawn, though unsympathetic, characters. There is a let-down toward the end. A first-rate translation.

POETRY

★★★★ MODERN AMERICAN POETRY. Edited by Louis Untermeyer. \$3.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. The fifth revised edition of the best anthology of American poetry.

★★★★ THE PEOPLE, YES, by Carl Sandburg. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. "Not a long poem in the great tradition," as the jacket states, but a series of stories, memoranda, old saws, protests, and impressionistic images combined in a style that employs mysticism vividly and slang creatively. All of Sandburg's early power is here, and a passionate restraint that is new for this writer.

★★★ LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES, by Lionel Wiggam. \$1.75. *Viking Press*. Wiggam is unusually gifted; his first volume reveals a poet who, barely twenty-one, already has an enviable command of his medium.

★★★ COLLECTED POEMS, by T. S. Eliot. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. In spite of major sonorities and often an exalted pitch, Eliot is not a major poet, but a new kind of minor poet—a minor poet in the grand manner.

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★★★ THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BRIDGES. \$1.50. *Oxford Press*. Almost 600 pages of masques and lyrics containing many short poems which the young moderns will consider merely academic, and which the academicians will consider modern and moving. A great value at the price for anyone.

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★★ THE IRON LAND, by Stanley Burnshaw. \$2.00. *Centaur Press*. Chiefly celebrating white-collar workers, in a style unco-ordinated and uneven, but effective when the author forgets his sentimentalities and is strictly "subjective".

★★ THANKSGIVING BEFORE NOVEMBER, by Norman MacLeod. \$2.00. *Parnassus Press*. A confusion of political, personal, and "revolutionary" poems, in which the emotional reminiscences and pastoral pictures are excellent.

★★ BURNING CITY, by Stephen Vincent Benét. \$2.00. *Farrar and Rinehart*. The grand manner is Benét's undoing. His poorest poems are those that attempt the most.

A LETTER FROM PONTUS, by John Masefield. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. That a craftsman of stature should write such puerilities is curious and sad; that the poet laureate of the British Empire should wish to preserve and print them is incredible.

HISTORY

★★★ MARITIME NEUTRALITY TO 1780, by Carl J. Kulsrud. \$3.50. *Little Brown*. The first attempt in the English language to survey the history of armed neutralities antedating the precedent set by the League of 1780.

★★★ REVOLUTIONARY NEW HAMPSHIRE, by Richard Francis Upton. \$3.00. *Dartmouth College Publications*. A splendid report on the growing pains of a state during the coincidental stress of revolution and of the birth of a nation.

★★ EXPRESS AND STAGECOACH DAYS IN CALIFORNIA, by Oscar O. Winther. \$2.25. *Stanford University*. The story of the vital part the express and stagecoach companies played in the development of civilization along the Pacific frontier.

★ THE MIDDLE CLASSES THEN AND NOW, by Franklin C. Palm. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. The stupendous task of explaining the why and wherefore of the world's bourgeoisie is tackled by a sociological explorer. He concludes, in the best Marxian manner, that the poor bourgeoisie is "chained and enslaved", whatever that means.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

★★★ THEME SONG—1936, by Richard Barry. \$1.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. A skillful panorama, done in the journalistic manner, of post-war American agrarianism from its emergence, in the form of the triumphant Farm Bloc of the Harding Administration, to its present hegemony in Washington.

★★ WHOSE CONSTITUTION, by Henry A. Wallace. \$1.75. *Reynal and Hitchcock*. An eminent Brain Truster surveys America from his ivory tower in Washington and decides that the hope of mankind lies in the co-operative movement, which is tantamount to asserting that bureaucrats are more honest than businessmen.

★★ CAN WE BE NEUTRAL?, by Allen W. Dulles and Hamilton Fish Armstrong. \$1.50. *Harpers*. Two authorities on foreign affairs analyze the various expedients put forward to keep the United States out of foreign wars.

SCIENCE

★★★ GREEN LAURELS, by Donald C. Peattie. \$3.75. *Simon and Schuster*. A noted naturalist relates the stirring story of the discovery of the "living world of green" by the mind of man, both ancient and modern.

THE LIBRARY
MISCELLANEOUS

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- ★★★★★ THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HORACE. The Modern Library. \$0.95. *Random House*. An excellent edition, first-rate translations, adequate typography.
- ★★★★ THE BEST SHORT STORIES, 1936. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. Annually, and again this year, the best anthology of American short stories.
- ★★★★ MY TEN YEARS IN A QUANDARY, AND HOW THEY GREW, by Robert Benchley. \$2.50. *Harpers*. When better American humor is written, Benchley will write it.
- ★★★★ AN INTRODUCTION TO COUNTRY LIFE, by Alfred S. Campbell. \$1.50. *Princeton University Press*. The best book (so far received by this department) on what to do and what not to do when you finally buy that farm. An especially valuable item is the bibliography at the end of each chapter indicating where further information may be obtained.
- ★★★ PARIS, 1870-1935, by Jules Bertaut. \$3.50. *Appleton-Century*. The city of Paris for the past six decades, as viewed by a French journalist from the vantage point of the salon, the theater, the club, the newspaper office, the boulevards, and through the eyes of a hundred different kinds of Frenchmen.
- ★★★ THE PILOTS' BOOK OF EVEREST, by Lord Clydesdale and D. F. McIntyre. \$2.75. *Doubleday, Doran*. Man's fight to conquer Mount Everest by air is told for the second time, and in more detail, by the pilots who flew over it in 1933.
- ★★★ SATAN CAME TO EDEN, by Dore Strauch. \$3.00. *Harpers*. The true story of the romantic German woman who went to live on a desert isle of the Galapagos, in a hopeful but tragic search for the Perfect Life.
- ★★★ THE ESKIMOS, by Kaj Birket-Smith. \$5.00. *Dutton*. A well-balanced treatment of the problems of origin, languages, life, religion, and culture of the Eskimos. Illustrated with splendid photographs.
- ★★★ A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY, by Dwight Farnham. \$2.50. *Funk & Wagnalls*. The saga of how one Manhattanite went forth to wrest a home from the Connecticut suburbs, and of his various experiences and adventures with the natives.
- ★★★ THE STORY OF PROPHECY, by Henry James Forman. \$3.00. *Farrar & Rinehart*. The soothsayers of all history come in for a personal survey, with timely examples of the crystal-gazing art as it has blossomed in the twentieth century.
- ★★★ UNCOMMON KNOWLEDGE, by George W. Stimpson. \$2.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. A miniature encyclopedia and entertainment book combined, from which can be gleaned the answers to hundreds of questions that plague everyone, every day.
- ★★★ THE MEDIEVAL HERITAGE OF ELIZABETHAN TRAGEDY, by Willard Farnham. \$5.00. *University of California Press*. How the doctrine of Good and Evil wrought a change in tragic art during Elizabeth's era is analyzed by a painstaking researcher.
- ★★★ SENTENCE, PARAGRAPH, THEME, by John P. Opdycke. \$2.50. *Crowell*. An excellent textbook for college students, pointing out the pitfalls which await the explorer into English composition.
- ★★★ A HANDBOOK TO LITERATURE, by W. F. Thrall and Addison Hibbard. \$2.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. A compendium of the terminology used in English writing, past and present, for the benefit of the student and young author.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

HERBERT ASBURY (*Loose Ladies of New Orleans*) has selected nineteenth century New Orleans as the subject of his forthcoming book, *The French Quarter* (Knopf). V. JAMES CHRASTA (*Not the Victor, Now*) is a young Western farmer. VIRGINIUS DABNEY (*If the South Had Won the War*), chief editorial writer of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, is the author of *Liberalism in the South* (North Carolina Press). HAVELOCK ELLIS (*Sex Problems of Modern Parents*) is the distinguished English writer and authority on sexology. FRANCES FROST (*Cycle*) has contributed prose and poetry to leading magazines. STEWART HOLBROOK (*The Lumberjacks Go Sissy*) worked for years in lumber camps of the American Northwest and Canada, and is now a resident of Oregon. RAYMOND HOLDEN (*The Well*) is a native New Yorker, whose novel, *Chance Has a Whip* (Scribners), was published last Fall. H. L. MENCKEN (*The Case for Dr. Landon*), the former editor of THE MERCURY, appears again in this issue as a contributor only. His revised and rewritten fourth edition of *The American Language* (Knopf) was published this Spring. C. C. NICOLET (*The Newspaper Guild*) is a member of the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post*. ALBERT JAY NOCK (*Victory by Retreat*), authority on past and present problems of American government, contributes regularly to these pages. BISSELL B. PALMER (*Why You Fear the Dentist*) is director of the Division of Dentistry, New York Polyclinic Hospital, and author of *Paying Through the Teeth* (Vanguard). FLETCHER PRATT (*No Parking*) is a versatile writer on many subjects. His latest book, *Hail Caesar!* (Smith and Haas) was published last Spring. RUTH PURDY (*Women of Suburbia*) is herself a resident of a suburb, Rye, New York. JOEL SAYRE (*The Movie Hero*) is the author of the famous story, *Rackety Rax*, which appeared in THE MERCURY of January, 1932. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR. (*Diseases of the Great*), the well-known author and a major in the Marine Corps, is now the Literary Editor of THE MERCURY. His reviews will appear each month in THE LIBRARY. ANTHONY M. TURANO (*The Comedy of Repeal*), a frequent contributor to this magazine, practices law in Reno. HAROLD LORD VARNEY (*Is Roosevelt a Socialist?*), writer and editor of New York City, is an authority on the radical movement in America. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE (*Young Men See Visions*) is the famous Kansas newspaperman, editor, and author. THOMAS WOLFE (*Fame and the Poet*) will appear again on the Fall fiction lists with a new novel to be published by Scribners.



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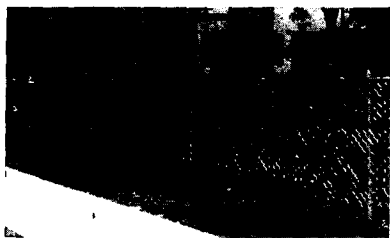
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One of the great services of the phonograph is to make available for unregenerate souls the world's treasure of light music which symphony orchestras refuse to play, out of a mistaken notion of dignity. Among the best examples of such music are the *Slavonic Dances* of Dvorak, offered by Victor in excellent performances by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Vaclav Talich. (RCA-Victor, four 12-inch records, \$8.) It is regrettable that the whole set was not issued at once, as it was originally in Europe; probably the five 10-inch records will follow in the near future. Certainly one could not hope for a performance of greater rhythmic vitality, or one in which the charming tunefulness of these dances is made more apparent. Moreover, the orchestra appears to be as good as any of the more famous organizations of Vienna or Berlin, and the recording is excellent.

Though Haydn wrote six concertos for 'cello and orchestra, the first of these, in D major, has come to be regarded as "the Haydn 'cello concerto", much as one speaks of "the" Beethoven or Brahms violin concertos. This seems wholly unjust until one hears one of the others, or a superlative performance of this work, when it becomes apparent that, for all practical purposes, Haydn really wrote only one 'cello concerto. That opinion is enforced by the Columbia recording by Emanuel Fuermann, which is certainly the most impressive performance this artist has yet achieved for the phonograph. It is superlative, not only in the management of the technical difficulties in the score, but in the com-

prehension of Haydn's idiom, the realization of all the vitality and tenderness in this magnificent work. Dr. Malcolm Sargeant conducts with more than mere competence, and the recording is highly satisfactory. For reasons unexplained, the excellent assisting orchestra is nameless. (Columbia, four 12-inch records, \$6.)

Also to the credit of Columbia is a welcome recording of Wagner's *Faust Overture*, done by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Although Beecham has no reputation in this country as a conductor of Wagner, this record indicates that he might easily establish himself as a "specialist", if he chose. Though it is becoming monotonous to say so, the recording represents a new high in brilliance for Columbia. On the fourth side is the prelude to the third act of *Lohengrin*. (Columbia, two 12-inch records, \$3.) A curio worth investigating among the month's single records is Liadow's *Le Lac enchanté*, played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. For those who know Liadow only as the composer of a *Musical Snuff-Box* and similar *morceaux*, the work is a revelation. (RCA-Victor, one 12-inch record, \$2.)

A recent charming record is a new version of Johann Strauss' *Frühlingsstimmen* waltz, done by George Szell and the Vienna Philharmonic. The previous complaints about this orchestra have nothing to do with this record, which is first-rate in every respect. For some curious reason this work is offered by Victor as the fourth side in a recording of a Chorale and Fugue by Arnold Zernachson, performed by Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. This is neo-Bach, costumed in all the gaudy colors of the modern orchestra. It is amply sonorous orchestration, if not a particularly good emulation of Bach. (RCA-Victor, two 12-inch records, \$4.)

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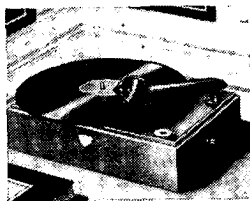
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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from front advertising section, p. xiv)

the du Ponts' private Liberty League — liberty to pile up wealth through special privilege, use that wealth to control and hamper the government in its efforts to serve all the people instead of their special and utterly selfish little coterie. F. D., an aristocrat by birth, breeding, rearing, education, and environment is more a friend of the people of Oliver Street, from whence Smith sprung, of the farmers of Iowa, among whom Hoover grew to manhood, than either or both Smith and Hoover. Smith and Hoover have gone over bag and baggage to the "Gangs of New York" who have robbed and pillaged under the guise of legality instead of at the point of a rod. And THE MERCURY has become their spokesman. There is much about the New Deal of which I do not approve, but I infinitely prefer it to the Old Deal which THE MERCURY represents.

And I feel quite confident that when election day has come and gone you will find that to be the sentiment of the electors of the country by a very large majority.

WALTER AITKEN

Bozeman, Mont.

SIR: I have just finished reading all the correspondence in THE OPEN FORUM of the August issue. Despite the calumny heaped on your head by the New Dealers, including Cyrus C. Sturgis, Jr., of Harvard, who seems to have been seriously "burned up", maybe even missing a class or two, all the letters resolve themselves into the fact that the truth hurts. Of course it hurts Harvardites worse than others, always has.

As a matter of fact, my experience with your magazine and those I know

who read it, is that the contents are really worthwhile reading.

The peculiar thing about those who roast you, saying that THE AMERICAN MERCURY lacks evidence of thoughtful writing, is that these complainers are the ones who do no thinking. More power to you!

LEON V. ALMIRALL

New York City

SIR: I feel toward your last few issues of THE MERCURY, the same as THE OPEN FORUM contributors, Arthur C. Vickey, Cyrus C. Sturgis, Jr., and Karl B. Mickey. It looks and sounds like THE MERCURY has sold out to the American Liberty League. I don't vote for either of the old parties, but I sure like to see fair play for all, and until your magazine gets to where it belongs or like it used to be, I am off reading it.

PETER GROB

Biloxi, Miss.

SIR: A comment made to me by one of the most notorious reactionaries — or rather, fossilized brains — in this city may interest you. He said: "Hoagland, one of the reasons why I was afraid of you when you first came to town was that you always had THE AMERICAN MERCURY on your study desk. Now, however, it is safe enough for me to give my kids."

Ergo?

REV. ROBERT S. HOAGLAND

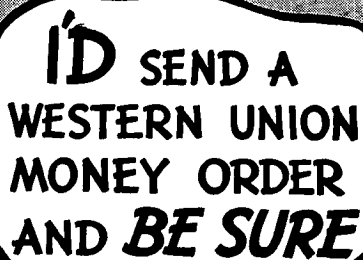
Jamestown, N. Y.



ON PROPAGANDA

SIR: I don't understand how anyone can be taken in by the radical journals.

(Continued on page xxii)



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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xx)

Do the editors actually believe the stuff themselves? For instance, on a single page of the August 19th issue of the *New Republic*, I find the following three extraordinary statements:

1. "The [Spanish] Communists say they will fight to the death for the preservation of the democratic rights that are embodied in the present republic."

(Does *anybody* believe that Communists will fight for "democratic rights"? And who can call that gang of cut-throat Marxians a "republic"?)

2. "The screen . . . is controlled today by an unscrupulous band of businessmen, primarily to make money. . . ."

(Is it an accepted fact, then, that making money is actually a crime?)

3. "Still more disquieting is the fact that a number of feature films have recently been made attacking 'radicalism' and glorifying Tory mob-rule by violence."

(This is the first time I have ever seen the mobs nowadays encountered in the streets of American cities called "Tories". I always thought they were readers of the *New Republic*.)

TED MORTONE

Chicago



KENTUCKY IS PROUD

SIR: As a native of Eastern Kentucky, I have been following with great interest Jesse Stuart's development as a writer. His poems interested me but showed more promising potentiality than fulfillment. In reviewing *Head O' W-Hollow* for the *Dallas News*, I was enthusiastic about his talents as a story-

(Continued on page xxiv)

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Here are some of the titles of the articles which appear in the September issue:

Men Alone With Themselves... *Maxim Gorky*
 What is There to a Dream?... *Alfred Adler*
 When Ladies Compete... *Sports Illustrated*
 Try Hand-Holding *Better Homes and Gardens*
 On Being Famous, by Rockwell Kent *Colophon*
 When Film Stars Fade... *Sphere*
 Earning a Living, by John Erskine
 College Humor
 Beating the Law by Law... *Modern Thinker*
 A Foreigner Looks at Roosevelt and Landon
 Time and Tide
 Madam, May I Interest You In?... *Yankee*
 Musicians and Their Food... *Etude*
 Fear Over Europe — Hope Here
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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xxii)

teller. But the story, "Hair", in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, seems to me much the best thing he has done so far. I think it's a remarkably good story, written with all the loving sympathy and keen understanding of human nature that his earlier stories showed and with a decided improvement in technique. No one else has ever written of Kentucky quite as he does — from the inside out.

CHARLOTTE SUSAN SALMON
Ashland, Ky.



THE LITERARY RACKET

SIR: Gertrude Stein recently gave her thoughts on money in the *Saturday Evening Post* and, in my critical opinion, her stuff makes about as much sense as her alleged poetry. The English language was good enough for Shakespeare and for every genuinely great English or American author since his time. Crystal-clear thought does not require trick phraseology. Muddled thought is perhaps best expressed in muddled language. Since *THE MERCURY* has a reputation for debunking, why not some articles on the literary racket? Perhaps you recall the limerick — I'm sorry I don't know the author of it — which goes something like this:

A wonderful family is Stein;
 There's Gert and there's Ep
 and there's Ein;
 Ep's statues are junk
 Gert's poems are punk
 And no one can understand
 Ein.

R. C. O'BRIEN

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ADVERTISING appropriations are going to be larger — much larger — this winter and next year, for very obvious and good reasons. The Revenue Act of 1936 is going to take up to 27% of undistributed profits. Whatever profits are made that are not paid out to stockholders, subject to certain credits and adjustments, will be subject to the new Federal surtax ranging up to 27%. According to a reliable authority, the larger corporations are not going to pay out their entire year's profits as dividends and so empty their treasuries and perhaps incur short term debt. Therefore most corporations will pay some surtax.

There is, however, a way of avoiding the higher rates by using profits for present and future benefits which Uncle Sam sanctions and — if your profits are large enough — in effect gives you up to 27% discount on it — that is by making greater use of the advertising space available in newspapers, magazines, buses, etc. Increased expenditures for advertising space should result in larger net earnings and larger net earnings will be needed for reserves, dividend dis-

bursements and taxes if the principle incorporated in the new Act remains unchanged. It becomes a matter of advertising and taxes out of normal earnings, or increased advertising and taxes out of increased earnings. Uncle Sam can dispute many kinds of expenditures but it has been definitely established that advertising is a legitimate business expense and in the end tends to increase the taxes collected by the Government because it invariably is productive of increased profits and increased dividends.

Undoubtedly advertising mediums are showing advertisers throughout the country what it means to increase their advertising appropriations. Regardless of the fact that they may have a somewhat selfish motive, the fact remains that increased earnings for many corporations depend on aggressive sales methods and effective advertising and the new Revenue Act is, to all intents and purposes, a clarion call for larger and more diversified advertising appropriations — some of which we hope will come to the Fifth



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ONE reader in New York calls it, "A practical workaday world guide to many a bewildered soul." And a man in Oregon states, "I hope to

be a reader of Review of Reviews while I remain on this earth, as to me it is like a good bread and butter lunch to a hungry man."

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Optimist or Analyst

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OPTIMIST: "One who takes the most hopeful view and looks only on the bright side of affairs, thereby receiving only a one-sided idea of developments in the business, commercial and financial fields."

Optimists base their beliefs and actions on *hope*, instead of logical information and research. In the business world, the optimist is a perpetual enthusiast for unworkable plans. In the securities field, he is invariably a bull, and believes that the only direction of prices is upwards. The optimist takes securities at their face value, seldom bothering to look into the causes behind their fluctuations.

More than 90% of the investment advice and economic writing found in the ordinary commercial and financial magazines is preponderantly optimistic. But 90% of those in business, or of those who invest in securities, or trade in commodities, do not make money. Hence it behooves the business man, investor and commodity operator to obtain *profitable* rather than *optimistic* advice.



ANALYST: "A trained, experienced economist, writer, research worker and scientist, who examines the course of events, securities, commodities, politics and developments critically and in detail, that he may evaluate the various *causes* which will modify coming events." The analyst is cautious and usually pessimistic but when he commits himself he is more likely to be right than the biased optimist who takes the easier and less critical course.

Analysts *plan*, optimists *plunge* blindly.

Analysts are *realistic*, optimists *hopeful*.

Analysts are *cautious*, optimists *headlong*.

Analysts see *all sides*, optimists *one side*.

Analysts are *definite*, optimists *vague*.



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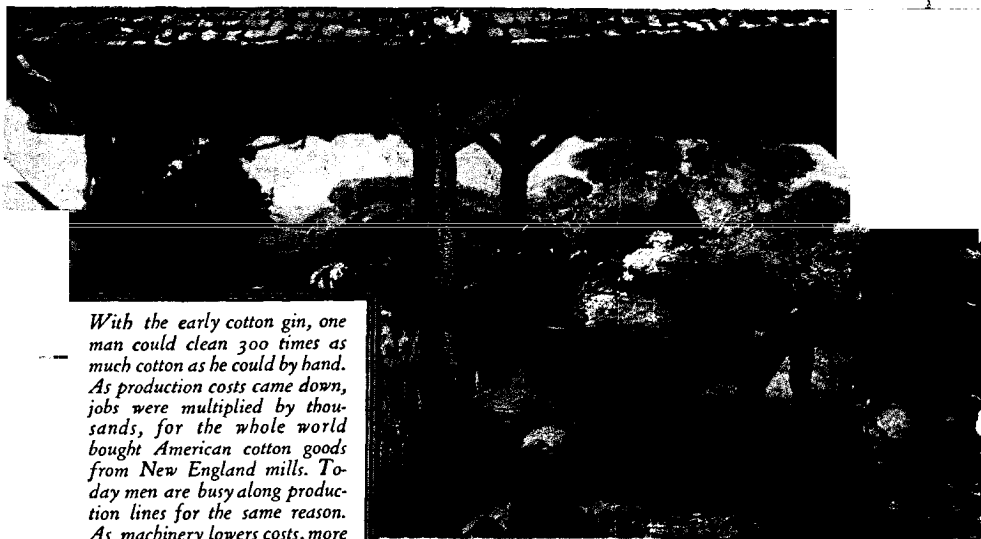


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hours — why not make more jobs? Why think of producing fewer things at higher prices for fewer people — why not produce more things at lower prices for more people? Never was there a time with more limitless possibilities for men of vision, courage and resourcefulness than now. In the new things needed, in the new industries being born, in the rebuilding of the vast production plant of our country — in these are opportunities for increasing employment, for producing new markets and new wealth, for serving progress, greater than America has ever known!



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